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IVANHOE
MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS

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Ivanhoe

by Sir Walter Scott

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1771. A serious fever in infancy had left him permanently lame, though his constitution was by no means frail, and he participated in numerous activities in high school and beyond. He attended the University of Edinburgh for two years until becoming apprenticed at his father's law firm and later being admitted to the Scottish bar in 1792. He entered into a comfortable position as clerk of session, allowing him much leisure time to pursue his literary avocation.

Among the most prolific of writers, his considerable interest in the Scottish Border and its natives, the clansmen, formed the basis of many of his most enduring poetic works. Scot's absorption with the ballad as a recording device led him to try his hand at narrative poems of adventure with legitimate historical settings. The most famous among these is *The Lay of the Last Minsterel* (1805). He soon tired of the limitations of verse and began in 1814 to publish his novels, among which was *Ivanhoe* in 1819. It was one of three novels published that year while Scot was in a serious physical decline. He is credited with practically creating the historical novel which enjoyed widespread appeal essentially as Scot had envisioned it, with the emphasis on action and pageantry. It is still one of the most popular of literary expressions in existence.

In 1832, with the output of many lifetimes behind him, Scott succumbed to paralysis and died in Abbotsford. He was buried in Dryburgh Abbey.

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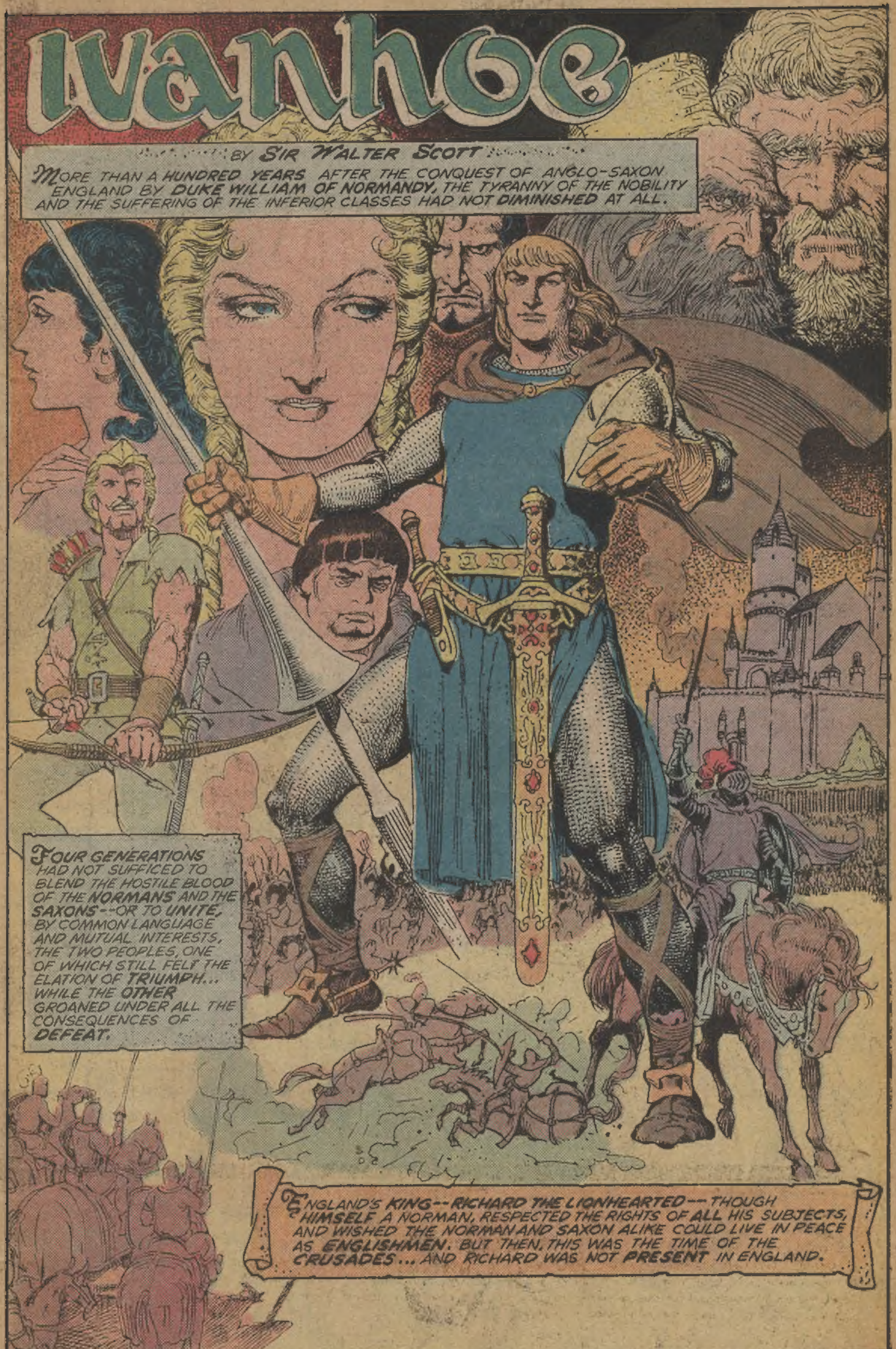
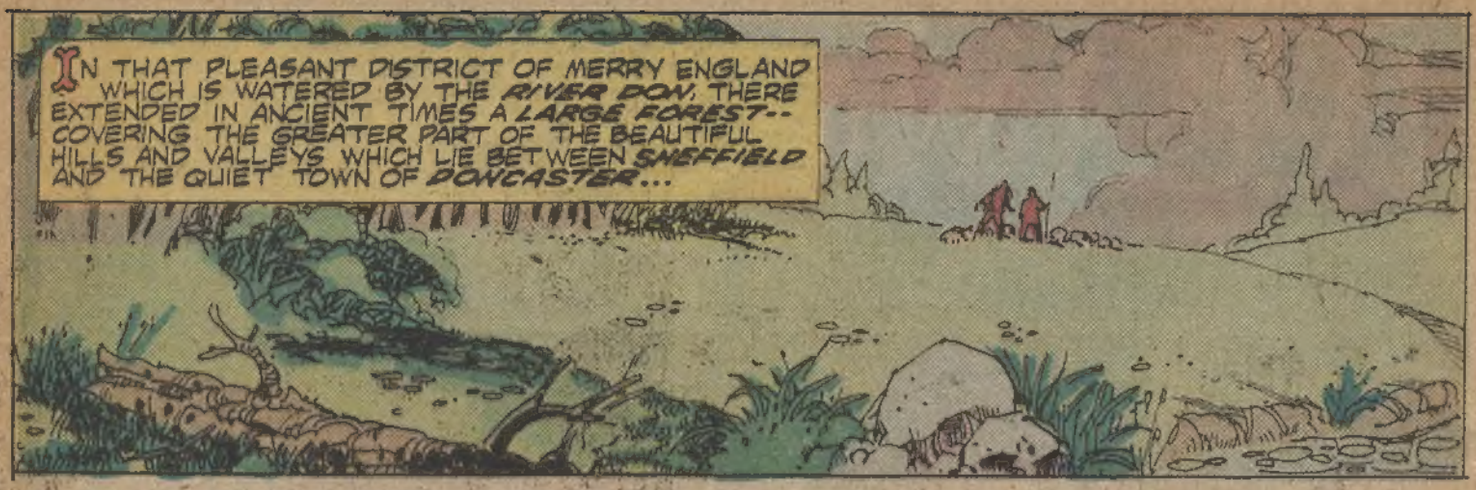

IVANHOE
BY SIR WALTER SCOTT
MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AFTER THE CONQUEST OF ANGLO-SAXON ENGLAND BY DUKE WILLIAM OF NORMANDY, THE TYRANNY OF THE NOBILITY AND THE SUFFERING OF THE INFERIOR CLASSES HAD NOT DIMINISHED AT ALL.
FOUR GENERATIONS HAD NOT SUFFICED TO BLEND THE HOSTILE BLOOD OF THE NORMANS AND THE SAXONS--OR TO UNITE, BY COMMON LANGUAGE AND MUTUAL INTERESTS, THE TWO PEOPLES, ONE OF WHICH STILL FELT THE ELATION OF TRIUMPH... WHILE THE OTHER GROANED UNDER ALL THE CONSEQUENCES OF DEFEAT.
ENGLAND'S KING--RICHARD THE LIONHEARTED--THOUGH HIMSELF A NORMAN, RESPECTED THE RIGHTS OF ALL HIS SUBJECTS, AND WISHED THE NORMAN AND SAXON ALIKE COULD LIVE IN PEACE AS ENGLISHMEN. BUT THEN, THIS WAS THE TIME OF THE CRUSADES... AND RICHARD WAS NOT PRESENT IN ENGLAND.


IN THAT PLEASANT DISTRICT OF MERRY ENGLAND WHICH IS WATERED BY THE RIVER DON, THERE EXTENDED IN ANCIENT TIMES A LARGE FOREST--COVERING THE GREATER PART OF THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS AND VALLEYS WHICH LIE BETWEEN SHEFFIELD AND THE QUIET TOWN OF DONCASTER...

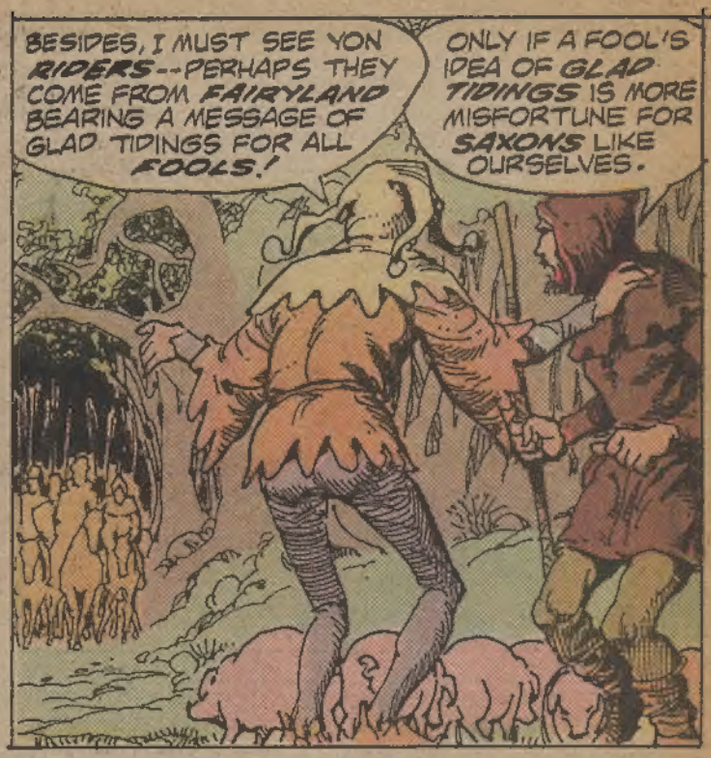
AND NOW, AS THE SUN WAS SETTING UPON ONE OF THE RICH GRASSY GLADES OF THAT FOREST, AND AS A STORM THREATENED OVERHEAD, TWO MEN--BOTH IN THE THRALL OF CEDRIC OF ROTHERWOOD--ENGAGED IN A GAME OF RIDDLES...
TELL ME, FRIEND GURTH--NOBLE SWINEHERD--WHAT DO YOU CALL THESE GRUNTING BRUTES RUNNING ABOUT ON ALL FOUR LEGS?
THEY ARE CALLED SWINE, FOOL--SWINE.
EVERY FOOL KNOWS THAT.

THE ANSWER PLEASED THE FOOL--FOR THE ONE CALLED WAMBA WAS INDEED A FOOL--BUT NOW AN EXCEEDINGLY SLY ONE...
AND SWINE IS A GOOD SAXON WORD, FRIEND GURTH, BUT TELL ME THIS--WHAT DO YOU CALL THE SOW WHEN SHE IS FLAYED, DRAWN, AND QUARTERED, AND HUNG UP BY HER HEELS LIKE A TRAITOR?
PORK.

HAH! I AM GLAD EVERY FOOL KNOWS THAT TOO. AND PORK, I THINK, IS A GOOD NORMAN-FRENCH WORD.
THUS, WHEN THE BRUTE LIVES AND IS IN THE CHARGE OF A SAXON SLAVE--SUCH AS YOU, FRIEND GURTH--SHE GOES BY HER SAXON NAME...

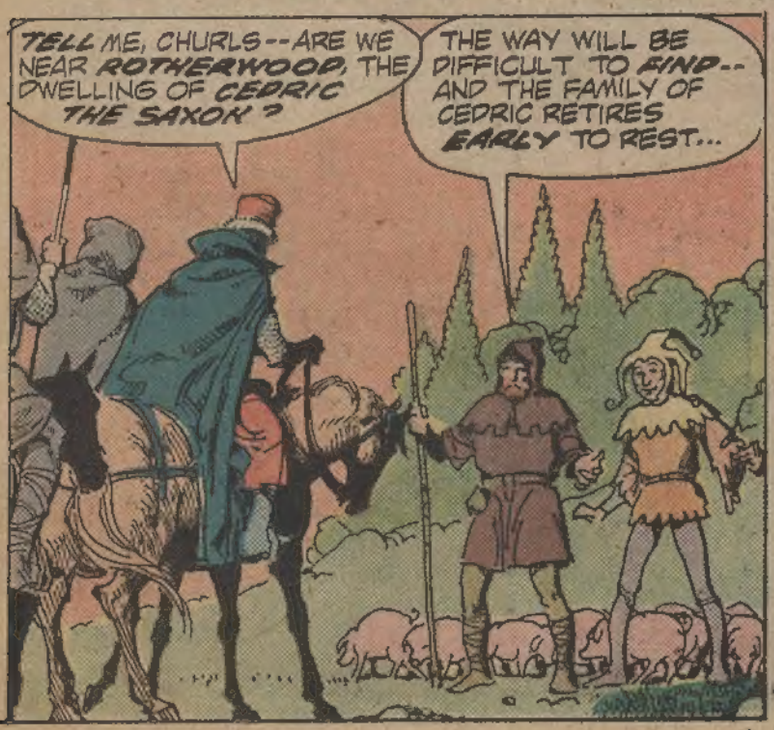
...BUT WHEN SHE IS BUTCHERED AND IS CARRIED TO THE ELEGANT CASTLE HALL TO FEAST AMONG NOBLES SHE BECOMES A NORMAN--AND IS CALLED PORK.
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS, FRIEND GURTH--HAH?
IT IS BUT TOO TRUE, FRIEND WAMBA--HOWEVER IT GOT INTO YOUR FOOL'S PATE--AND IT IS A SAD TRUTH... FOR THERE IS LITTLE LEFT TO US SAXONS BEYOND THE AIR WE BREATHE.

AND BY SAINT DUNSTAN, EVEN THE AIR WAS GRANTED TO US WITH HESITATION BY THE NORMANS --AND SOLELY TO ENABLE US TO ENDURE THE TASKS THEY LAY UPON OUR SHOULDERS!
AYE, GURTH--BUT IT IS NOT THE HABIT OF FOOLS TO TALK ON SUCH THINGS WHEN A TERRIBLE STORM OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING RAGES WITHIN A FEW MILES OF US. NOT
LET US GET HOME TO ROTHERWOOD BEFORE IT REACHES US.

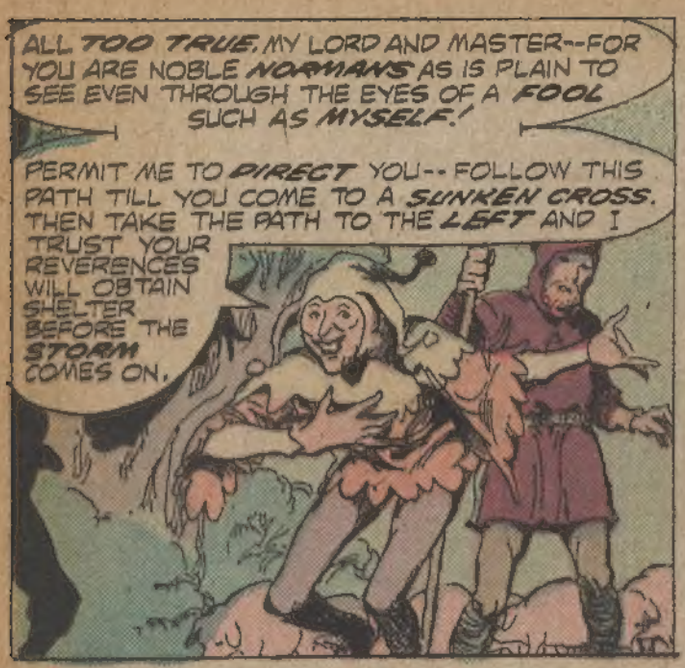

BESIDES, I MUST SEE YON RIDERS--PERHAPS THEY COME FROM FAIRYLAND BEARING A MESSAGE OF GLAD TIDINGS FOR ALL FOOLS!
ONLY IF A FOOL'S IDEA OF GLAD TIDINGS IS MORE MISFORTUNE FOR SAXONS LIKE OURSELVES.

TRUE TO THE SWINEHERD'S EXPECTATIONS, THE RIDERS WERE NORMANS--LED BY A PRIOR OF THE CHURCH AND SIR BRIAN DE BOIS-GUILBERT, A KNIGHT TEMPLAR RETURNED FROM THE CRUSADES--ON THEIR WAY TO A GREAT TOURNAMENT AT ASHBY...
...AND NOW, FEARING THE COMING STORM, MERELY A GROUP OF TRAVELLERS SEEKING SHELTER.
ROTHERWOOD LIES SOMEWHERE NEAR...

PERHAPS THOSE TWO SLAVES CAN HELP US...


TELL ME, CHURLS--ARE WE NEAR ROTHERWOOD, THE DWELLING OF CEDRIC THE SAXON?
THE WAY WILL BE DIFFICULT TO FIND--AND THE FAMILY OF CEDRIC RETIRES EARLY TO REST...

SILENCE, FELLOW! ARE THEY NOT COMMON SAXONS LIKE YOURSELF--? IT WILL BE EASY FOR THEM TO ARISE AND SUPPLY THE WANTS OF TRAVELLERS SUCH AS US--
--US WHO WILL NOT STOOP TO BEG FOR THE HOSPITALITY WHICH WE HAVE A RIGHT TO COMMAND!


ALL TOO TRUE, MY LORD AND MASTER--FOR YOU ARE NOBLE NORMANS AS IS PLAIN TO SEE EVEN THROUGH THE EYES OF A FOOL SUCH AS MYSELF.'
PERMIT ME TO DIRECT YOU-- FOLLOW THIS PATH TILL YOU COME TO A SUNKEN CROSS. THEN TAKE THE PATH TO THE LEFT AND I TRUST YOUR REVERENCES WILL OBTAIN SHELTER BEFORE THE STORM COMES ON.

SATISFIED THAT NO FURTHER INSOLENCE WAS OFFERED, THE NORMAN PARTY RODE ON...
IF THEY FOLLOW YOUR WISE DIRECTION, WAMBA, THEY WILL HARDLY REACH ROTHERWOOD THIS NIGHT.
NO, BUT THEY MAY REACH SHEFFIELD WITH SOME LUCK--AND A FITTING PLACE FOR SUCH AS THEM...

YOU SEE, FRIEND GURTH, I AM NOT SO FOOLISH AS TO SHOW THE DOG WHERE THE DEER LIES--IF I WISH TO PROTECT THE DEER.
AYE, WAMBA--IT WOULD NOT DO FOR THAT NORMAN KNAVE TO SET HIS EYES UPON THE LADY ROWENA... NOR FOR OUR GOOD MASTER CEDRIC TO QUARREL WITH SUCH AS THEM, WHICH HE WOULD LIKELY DO.

BUT LET US BE OFF TO ROTHERWOOD LIKE GOOD SERVANTS--
--WHILE THE NORMANS ARE LED ELSEWHERE BY A FOOL'S WISDOM.

TO PASS THE TIME, THE PRIOR SOUGHT TO ENGAGE BOIS GILBERT IN CONVERSATION...
THIS CEDRIC IS SAID TO BE A FIERCELY PROUD MAN--SO PROUD OF HIS SAXON HERITAGE THAT HE IS UNIVERSALLY KNOW AS CEDRIC THE SAXON.
I AM LESS CONCERNED WITH HIM THAN WITH SHE WHO IS SAID TO BE HIS CHARGE...

...AND BEING SUCH A CELEBRATED WARD I SHALL EXPECT MUCH BEAUTY FROM THIS LADY ROWENA--IF ONLY TO COUNTERBALANCE THE FOUL COMPANY OF A TRAITOROUS CHURL SUCH AS CEDRIC.

YOU WOULD DO WELL, SIR BRIAN, TO TAKE CARE IN HOW YOU LOOK UPON THIS ROWENA. IT IS SAID THAT CEDRIC BANISHED HIS ONLY SON--WILFRED OF IVANHOE--FOR DARING TO LOOK UPON HER WITH AFFECTION.
SINCE THEN, IVANHOE HAS BEEN FORCED TO JOIN KING RICHARD IN THE CRUSADES.

AS THE NIGHT GREW *DARKER*, AND THE STORM *CLOSER*, THE NORMAN PARTY FINALLY ARRIVED AT--

THE *SUNKEN CROSS*. THE FOOL BID US TURN TO THE *LEFT* PATH NOW...

NO--IT WAS TO THE *RIGHT*, TO THE BEST OF *MY* REMEMBRANCE.

YOU, SIR--BY THE *CROSS*--PERHAPS YOU CAN SETTLE A *DISPUTE* BETWEEN US. WHICH ROAD LEADS TO *ROTHERWOOD*?

I AM *MYSELF* BOUND FOR THERE--AND THE WAY IS *WELL KNOWN* TO ME. IF I BUT HAD A *HORSE*, I COULD *GUIDE* YOU...

GIVEN BOTH A *MOUNT* AND THE GRUDGING *GRATITUDE* OF THE NORMANS, THE STRANGELY DRESSED MAN LED THEM DOWN THE PATH TO THE *RIGHT*...

WHO AND WHAT *ARE* YOU, MAN?

I AM *PALMER*--A PILGRIM WHO HAS VISITED THE SACRED PLACES OF *JERUSALEM*--AND I AM JUST RETURNED FROM *PALESTINE*.

AND SOON, FOLLOWING THE ROAD *CONTRARY* TO THE FOOL WAMBA'S DIRECTIONS, THE PALMER LED *BOIS-GUILBERT* AND HIS PARTY TO--

ROTHERWOOD LIES BEFORE US, MY REVERENCES--THE DWELLING OF *CEDRIC THE SAXON*.

AND THE STORM FELL IN ALL ITS *FURY* AS THEY APPROACHED THE *GATES*...

A SHORT TIME LATER, AS THE GUESTS WERE RECEIVED IN THE GREAT *DINING HALL*, CEDRIC WAS FORCED TO PLAY THE CHARITABLE HOST AGAINST HIS *WILL*. THE FACT THAT BOIS-GUILBERT'S *EYES* SELDOM LEFT THE FACE AND FORM OF *LADY ROWENA* DID NOT ESCAPE CEDRIC'S *NOTICE*...

TELL ME, SIR BRIAN--WHO NOW BEAR THEMSELVES *BEST* IN PALESTINE?

THE NORMAN *KNIGHTS TEMPLAR*--OF WHICH I AM A *MEMBER*, AND WHO ARE SWORN TO CHAMPION THE *HOLY CROSS*--FARE THE BEST IN THE *CRUSADES*.

WERE THERE NONE AMONG THE SAXONS WHOSE NAMES ARE WORTHY OF MENTION--?
IT IS FREELY ADMITTED, MY LADY ROWENA, THAT THE SAXONS WERE SECOND ONLY TO THE TEMPLARS.

THE SAXONS WERE SECOND TO NONE.
I MYSELF SAW YOU, SIR TEMPLAR, AS YOU WERE CAST TO THE GROUND BY A SAXON KNIGHT IN A TOURNAMENT.

OH? AND WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THIS GALLANT KNIGHT WHO BESTED YOU, SIR BRIAN ?
THE KNIGHT WHOSE LANCE FORTUNE--ALONG WITH MY HORSE'S FAULT--CAUSED MY FALL WAS THE KNIGHT OF IVANHOE.

WILFRED OF IVANHOE--OUR HOST CEDRIC'S SON --OF WHOM WE SPOKE ON THE JOURNEY HERE--?
YES--AND WERE HE IN ENGLAND NOW, I WOULD CHALLENGE HIM TO MEET ME AGAIN AND ABIDE THE RESULT OF MY CERTAIN VICTORY.

I GIVE YOU MY SURETY, SIR TEMPLAR, THAT THE KNIGHT OF IVANHOE WILL SOMEDAY ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE.
INSOLENT CHURL! WHO ARE YOU TO---
CEDRIC--THERE IS ANOTHER AT THE GATE WHO SEEKS SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT.

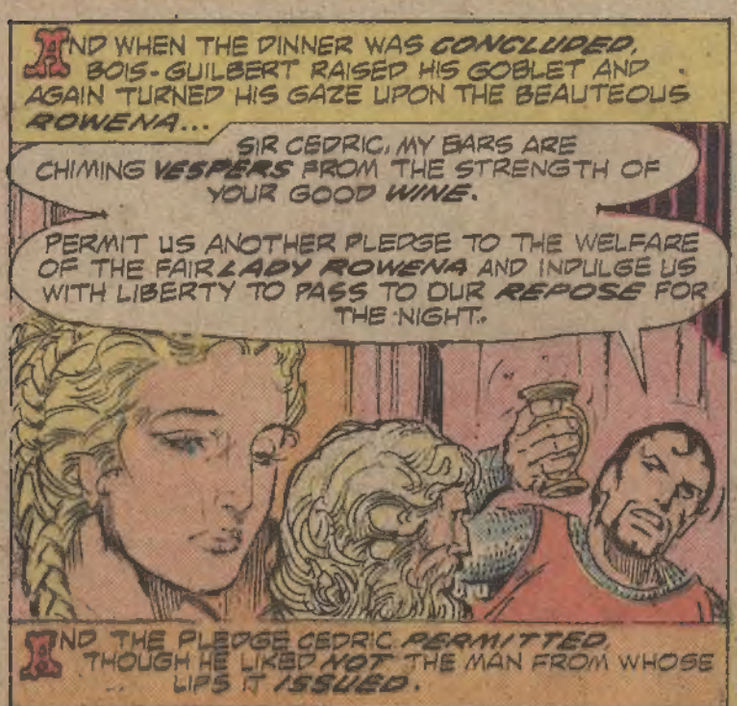
IT IS A JEW, WHO CALLS HIMSELF ISAAC OF YORK. IS IT FIT TO MARSHAL HIM INTO THE HALL?
ADMIT HIM, OSWALD --BE HE WHO OR WHAT HE MAY.
WHAT--?!

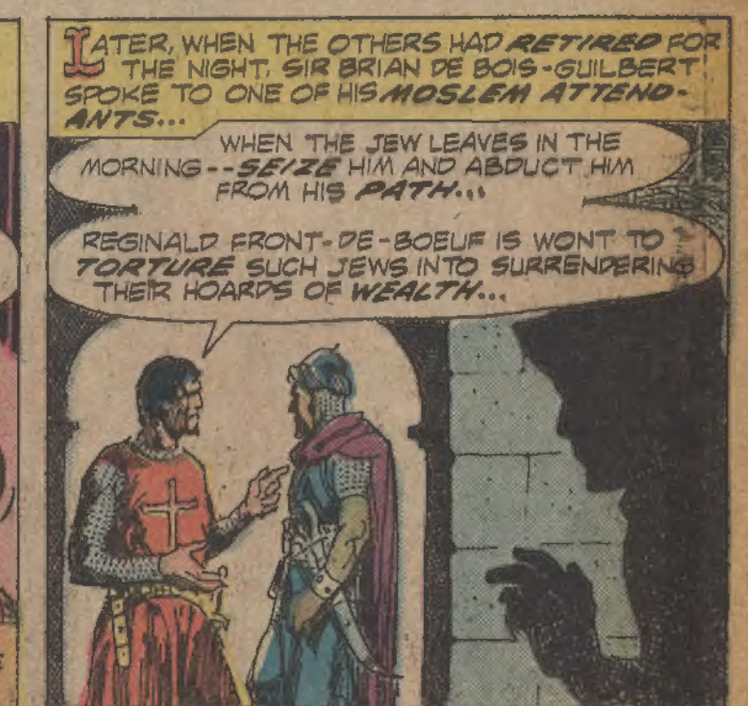
YOU WOULD ADMIT A DOG JEW TO THIS PRESENCE-- TO APPROACH A DEFENDER OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE?!
SAINT MARY DELIVER US-- AN UNBELIEVING JEW!

A NIGHT WHICH ROARS LIKE THIS ONE--IN WHICH ANY MAN MIGHT PERISH BY THE ELEMENTS --IS A NIGHT ON WHICH YOU CAN ENDURE THE PRESENCE OF ONE JEW FOR A FEW HOURS.
MY HOSPITALITY WILL NOT BE BOUNDED BY YOUR DISLIKES.

IN MOMENTS, AND WITH MUCH BOWING OF DEEP HUMILITY, ISAAC OF YORK DIFFIDENTLY ENTERED THE DINING HALL...

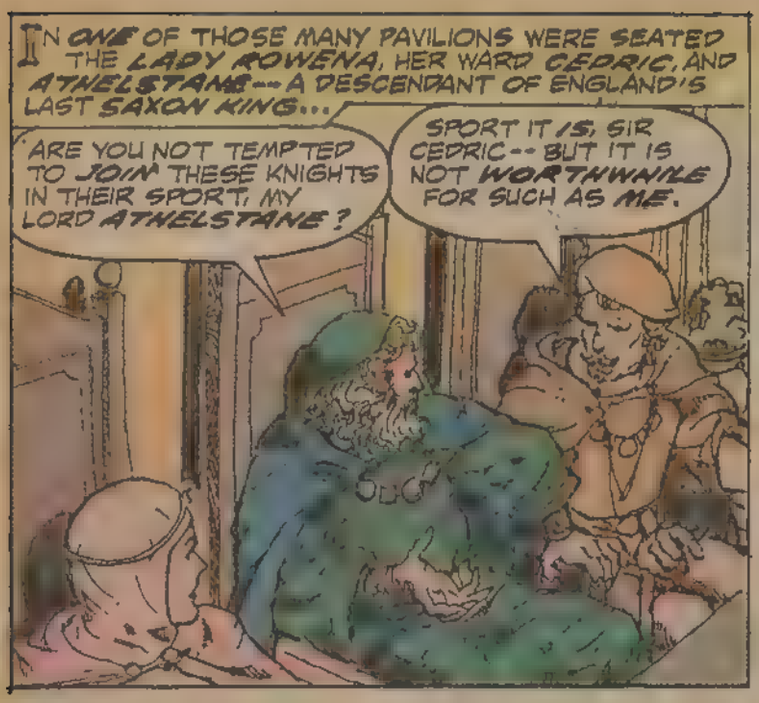
...AND WITH QUIET BUT DEEPLY FELT GRATITUDE, HE SUPPED OF POTTAGE AND SEETHED MUTTON --APART FROM ALL OTHERS.
NO ONE BETTER KNEW THAN HE HIMSELF WHAT HE WAS, AND HOW OTHERS REGARDED HIM.


AND WHEN THE DINNER WAS CONCLUDED, BOIS-GUILBERT RAISED HIS GOBLET AND AGAIN TURNED HIS GAZE UPON THE BEAUTEOUS ROWENA...
SIR CEDRIC, MY EARS ARE CHIMING VESPERS FROM THE STRENGTH OF YOUR GOOD WINE.
PERMIT US ANOTHER PLEDGE TO THE WELFARE OF THE FAIR LADY ROWENA AND INDULGE US WITH LIBERTY TO PASS TO OUR REPOSE FOR THE NIGHT.
AND THE PLEDGE CEDRIC PERMITTED, THOUGH HE LIKED NOT THE MAN FROM WHOSE LIPS IT ISSUED.


LATER, WHEN THE OTHERS HAD RETIRED FOR THE NIGHT, SIR BRIAN DE BOIS-GUILBERT SPOKE TO ONE OF HIS MOSLEM ATTENDANTS...
WHEN THE JEW LEAVES IN THE MORNING--SEIZE HIM AND ABDUCT HIM FROM HIS PATH...
REGINALD FRONT-DE-BOEUF IS WONT TO TORTURE SUCH JEWS INTO SURRENDERING THEIR HOARDS OF WEALTH...

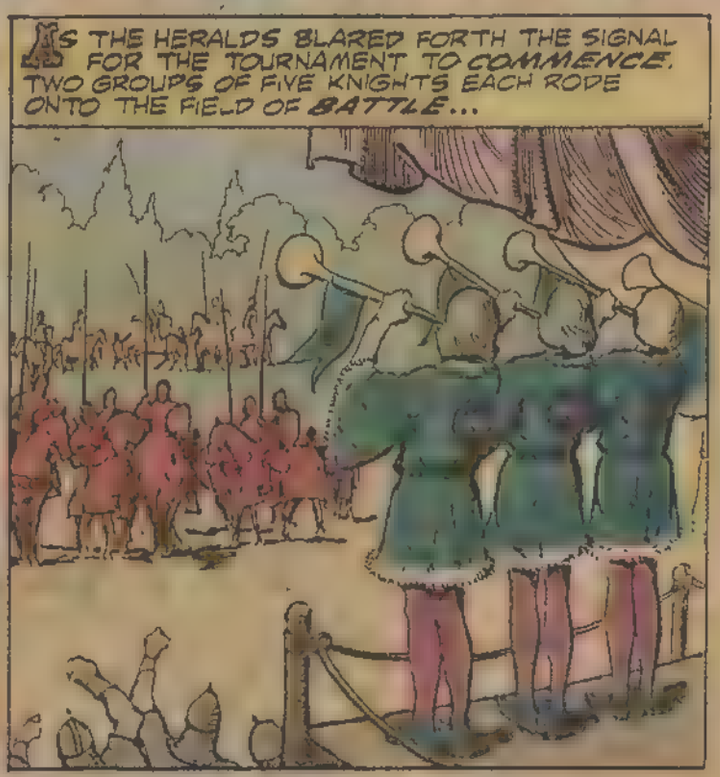
...AND WILL PAY US A DEAR RANSOM FOR SURRENDERING THIS ISAAC OF YORK INTO HIS HANDS.
WH-WHAT...?
HOLY GOD OF ABRAHAM--! WHAT DO YOU WANT--?!
FEAR NOTHING FROM ME, ISAAC OF YORK. I COME AS YOUR FRIEND.
THE TEMPLAR--BOIS-GUILBERT--PLANS TO SEIZE YOU, AND ABDUCT YOU FOR RANSOM TO THE CASTLE OF REGINALD FRONT-DE BOEUF.

BLESSED AARON! ALREADY I FEEL THEIR IRONS BURNING MY SINEWS -- THE RACK PASSING OVER MY BODY LIKE THE SAWS --!
NOT SO, ISAAC OF YORK -- IF YOU WILL BUT FOLLOW ME NOW, OVER THE SECRET PATHS OF THE FOREST --
"...AND THUS TO SAFETY, BEFORE BOIS-GUILBERT AND HIS ATTENDANTS ARISE FOR THE MORNING."
THOU HAST SAVED MY LIFE -- AND THOUGH MY WEALTH HAS BEEN PLUNDERED AND I AM NOW THE BEGGAR OF MY TRIBE, IN RETURN FOR THY DEED I WILL GRANT THEE THY DEAREST WISH...
...WHICH IS TO OBTAIN A HORSE AND ARMOR FOR THE COMING TOURNAMENT.
YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH, ISAAC OF YORK -- BUT WHAT FIEND PROMPTED SUCH A GUESS?
THY PALMER'S GOWN REVEALED A KNIGHT'S CHAIN AND COLORS HIDDEN BENEATH ITS BOSOM AS YOU STOOPED OVER MY BED.
THERE IS A KINSMAN OF MINE NEARBY -- TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO HIM, AND HE WILL FURNISH THEE FOR THE TOURNAMENT.
MY THANKS AGAIN -- AND MAY THE BLESSING OF OUR FATHER BE UPON THEE... MAY THY LANCE BE AS POWERFUL AS THE ROD OF MOSES.
I WILL USE YOUR COURTESY FRANKLY, ISAAC OF YORK, AND PRAY THAT I CAN REPAY YOU SOMEDAY.
THE SCENE WAS SINGULARLY ROMANTIC ON THE DAY OF THE GREAT TOURNAMENT NEAR THE TOWN OF ASHBY...
A BLAZE OF MANY COLORS SEEMED TO FILL THE AIR AS PENNANTS WHIPPED IN THE WIND, AS ARMORED KNIGHTS WAITED IN THE LISTS, AND AS GAILY ATTIRED SPECTATORS GATHERED IN THE PAVILIONS...


IN ONE OF THOSE MANY PAVILIONS WERE SEATED THE LADY ROWENA, HER WARD CEDRIC, AND ATHELSTANE -- A DESCENDANT OF ENGLAND'S LAST SAXON KING...
ARE YOU NOT TEMPTED TO JOIN THESE KNIGHTS IN THEIR SPORT, MY LORD ATHELSTANE?
SPORT IT IS, SIR CEDRIC -- BUT IT IS NOT WORTHWHILE FOR SUCH AS ME.

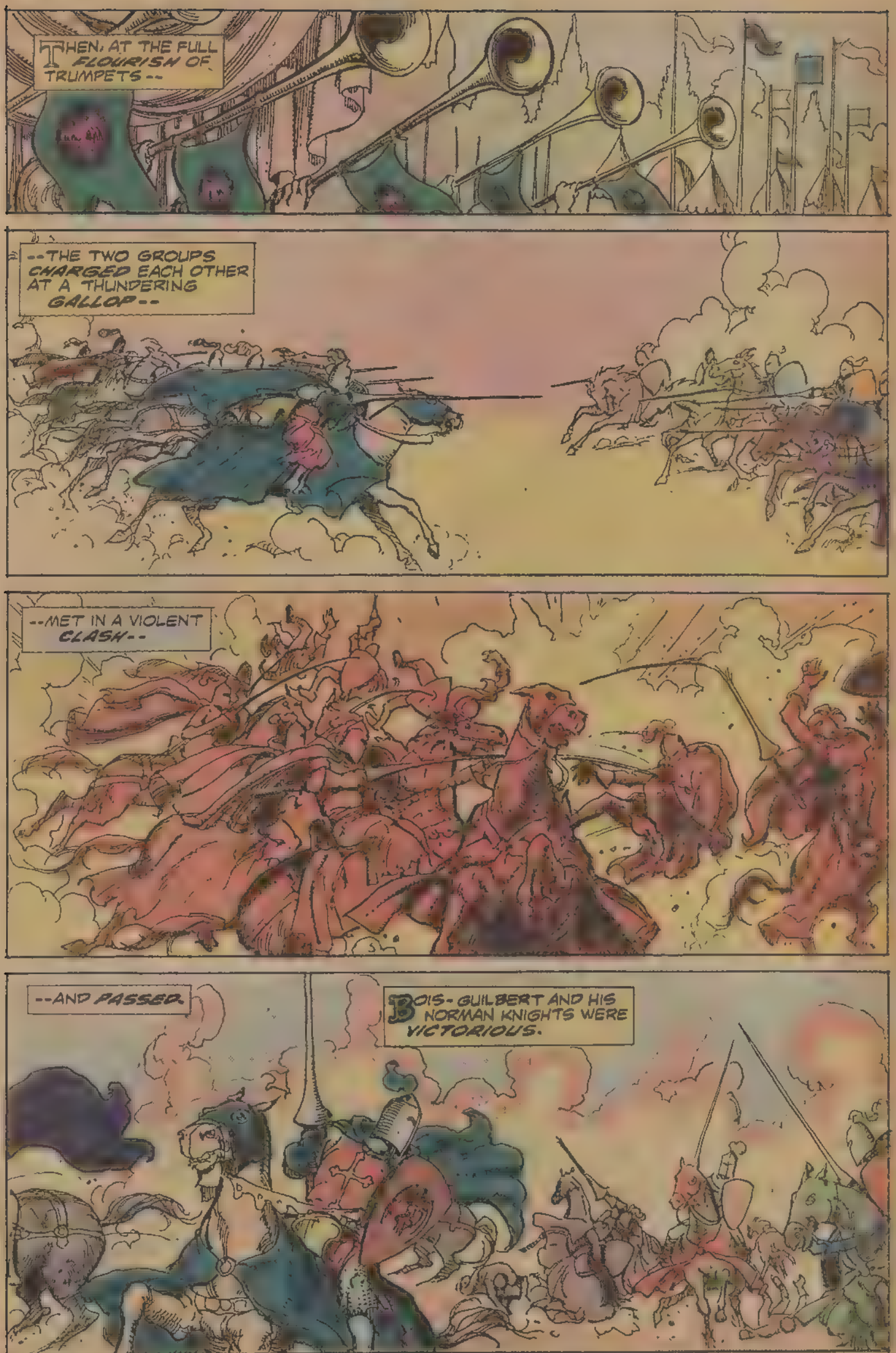
IN HOPES THAT ATHELSTANE WOULD ONE DAY RULE ENGLAND AND THUS RESTORE SAXON POWER TO THE THRONE, CEDRIC HAD PLEDGED ROWENA TO MARRY THE ROYAL DESCENDANT...
...BUT THOUGH BOUND TO THE PLEDGE, ROWENA CARED LITTLE FOR HER FUTURE HUSBAND... HER HEART STILL EMBRACING THE MEMORY OF WILFRED OF IVANHOE.

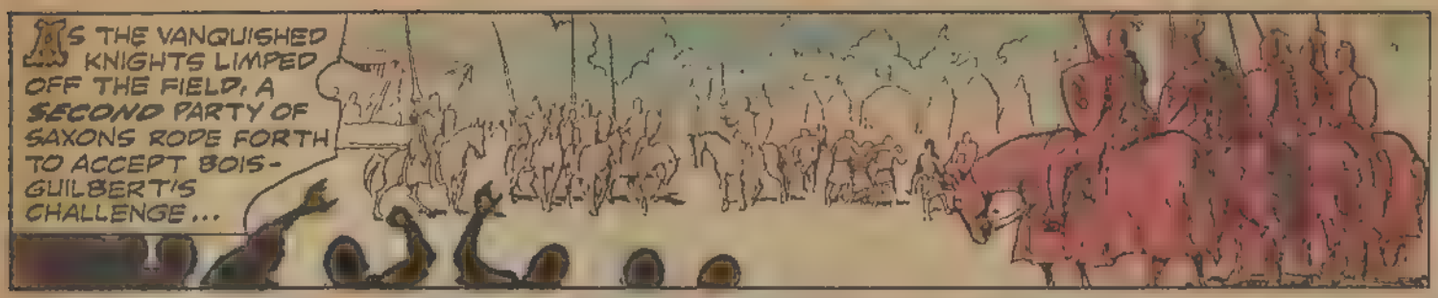
ALSO PRESENT WAS ISAAC OF YORK, WITH HIS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER REBECCA...
YONDER IS THE JEW WHO SOMEHOW ESCAPED MY NET...
BUT LOOK TO THE GIRL WITH HIM -- SHE IS THE VERY MODEL OF PERFECTION.
AND EVEN AS REBECCA PASSED HIS GAZE, THE IMAGE OF THE FAIR ROWENA BEGAN TO FADE IN THE MIND OF SIR BRIAN DU BOIS-GUILBERT...

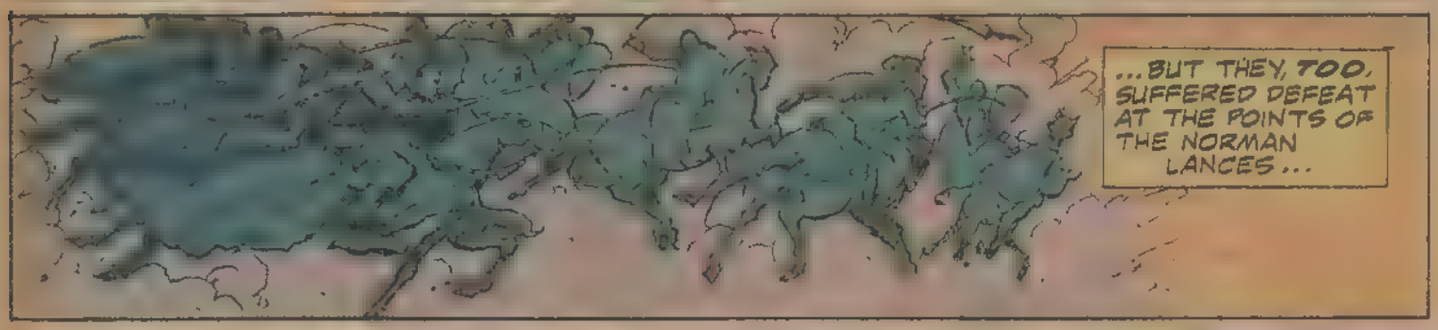

AS THE HERALDS BLARED FORTH THE SIGNAL FOR THE TOURNAMENT TO COMMENCE, TWO GROUPS OF FIVE KNIGHTS EACH RODE ONTO THE FIELD OF BATTLE...

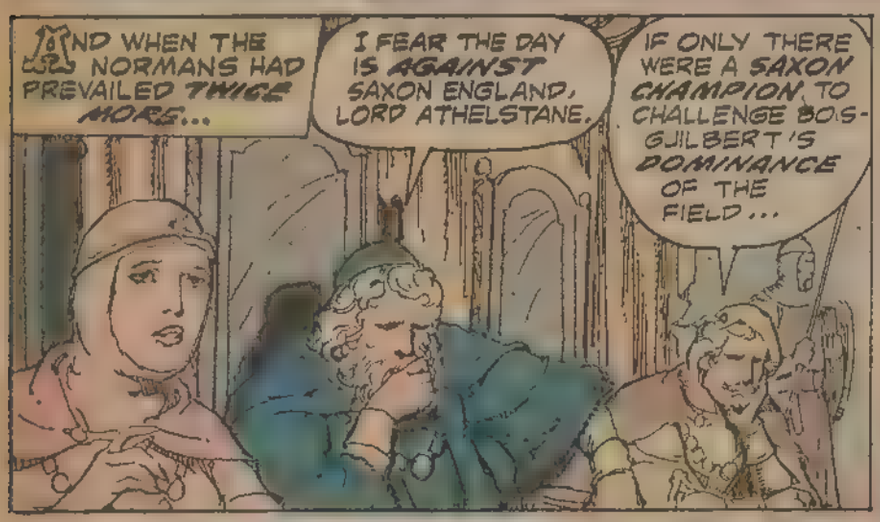
THE FIVE CHALLENGERS WERE NORMANS -- LED BY BOIS-GUILBERT...

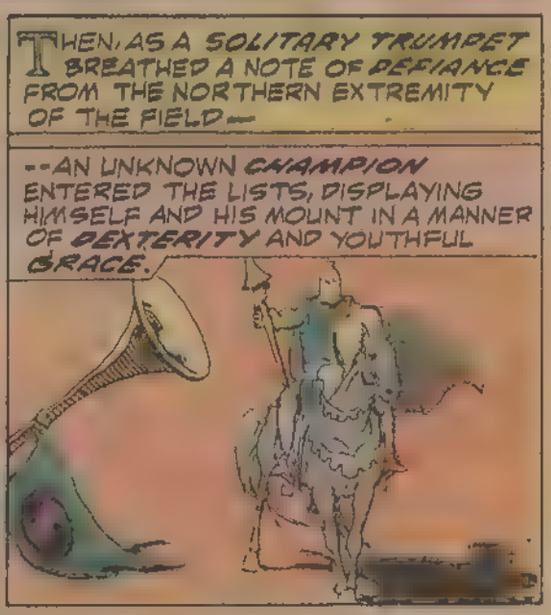
AND OF THE FIVE KNIGHTS WHO ACCEPTED THE CHALLENGE...
...ALL WERE SAXONS.


THEN, AT THE FULL FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS--
--THE TWO GROUPS CHARGED EACH OTHER AT A THUNDERING GALLOP--
--MET IN A VIOLENT CLASH--
--AND PASSED.
BOIS-GUILBERT AND HIS NORMAN KNIGHTS WERE VICTORIOUS.


AS THE VANQUISHED KNIGHTS LIMPED OFF THE FIELD, A SECOND PARTY OF SAXONS RODE FORTH TO ACCEPT BOIS-GUILBERT'S CHALLENGE...


...BUT THEY, TOO, SUFFERED DEFEAT AT THE POINTS OF THE NORMAN LANCES...

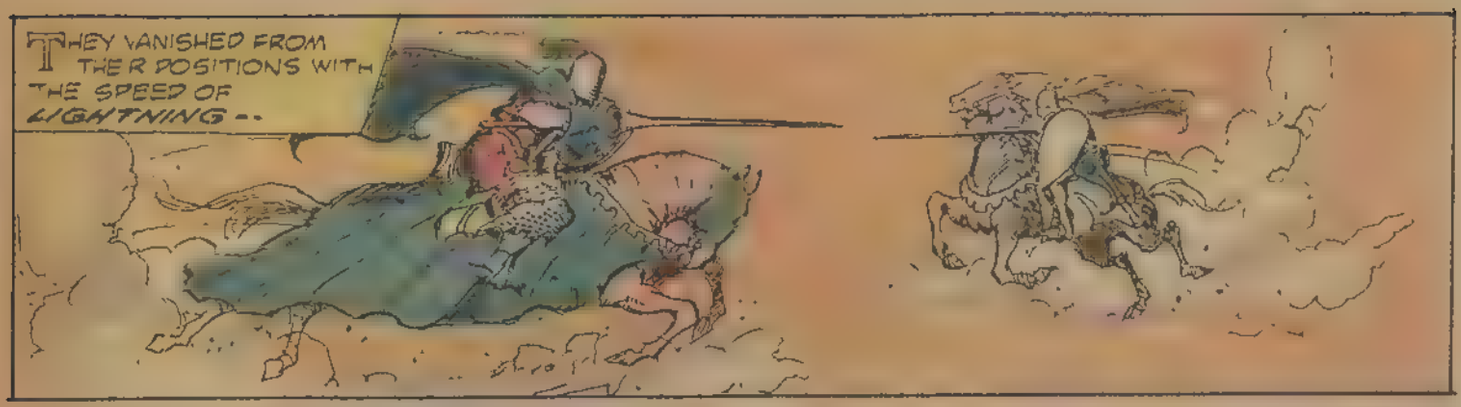

AND WHEN THE NORMANS HAD PREVAILED THICE MORE...
I FEAR THE DAY IS AGAINST SAXON ENGLAND, LORD ATHELSTANE.
IF ONLY THERE WERE A SAXON CHAMPION TO CHALLENGE BOIS-GUILBERT'S DOMINANCE OF THE FIELD...

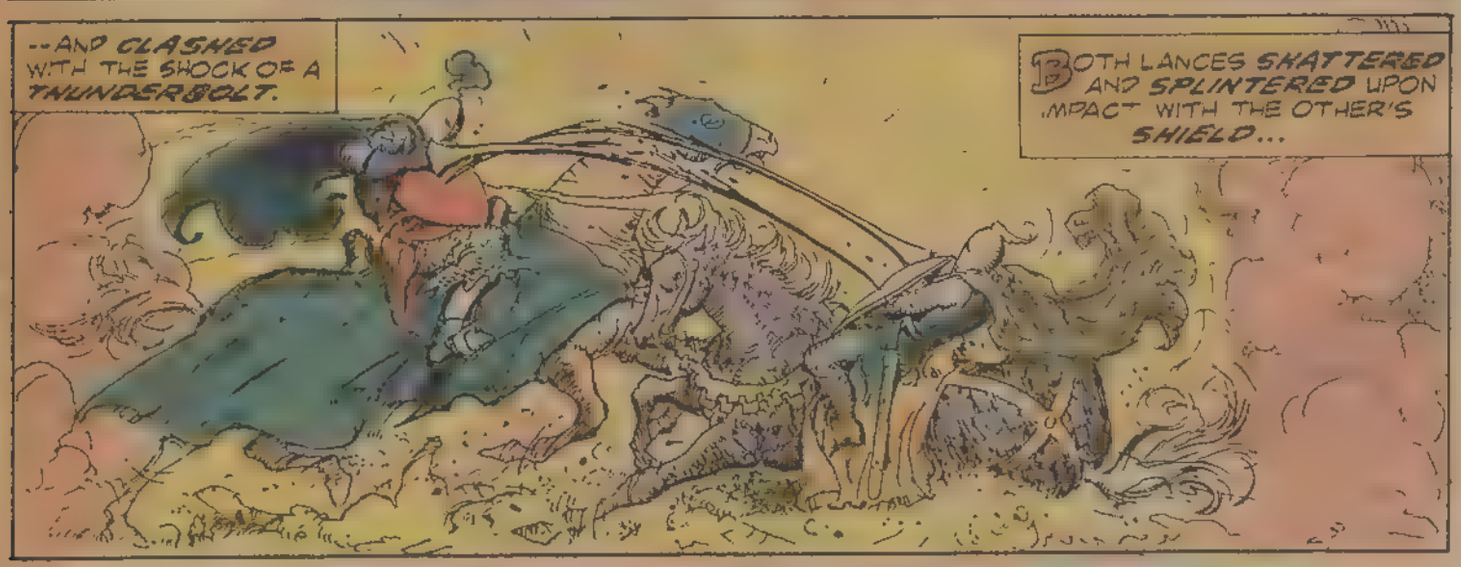

THEN, AS A SOLITARY TRUMPET BREATHED A NOTE OF DEFIANCE FROM THE NORTHERN EXTREMITY OF THE FIELD—
--AN UNKNOWN CHAMPION ENTERED THE LISTS, DISPLAYING HIMSELF AND HIS MOUNT IN A MANNER OF DEXTERITY AND YOUTHFUL GRACE.

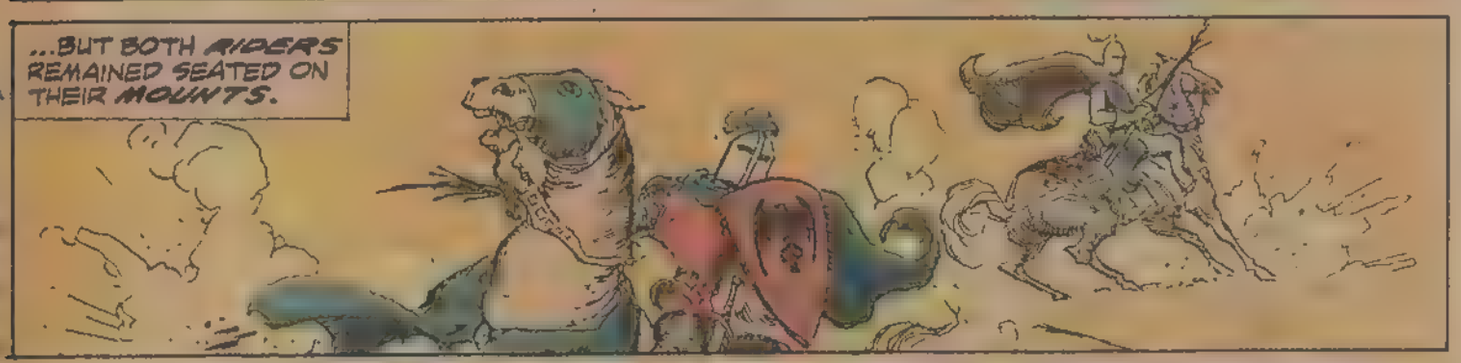
WHO IS HE--?
LOOK TO HIS SHIELD--IT PROCLAIMS HIM TO BE DISINHERITED.

I SUSPECT THIS SIR DISINHERITED IS THE YOUNG PALMER WHO AIDED MY ESCAPE. REBECCA.
IF MY SUSPICIONS ARE CORRECT, THEN OUR KINSMAN HATH PROVIDED HIM WITH A NOBLE MOUNT AND FINE ARMOR.

THE MYSTERIOUS CHAMPION, MOVING SLOWLY ONWARD THROUGH THE LISTS, APPROACHED THE TENTS OF THE NORMAN KNIGHTS...
...AND WITH THE SHARP END OF HIS LANCE STRUCK THE SHIELD OF BRIAN DE BOIS-GUILBERT-- UNTIL IT RANG LOUDLY.
ALL STOOD ASTONISHED AT THIS PRESUMPTION--
A CHALLENGE TO MORTAL COMBAT...!
--BUT NONE WAS MORE ASTONISHED THAN THE REDOUBTED KNIGHT HIMSELF, WHO HAD THUS FAR PROVEN THE VICTOR OF THE DAY, AND WHO WAS NOW SO RUDELY DEFIED.
HAVE YOU CONFESSED YOURSELF THIS MORNING, SIR DISINHERITED-- THAT YOU PERIL YOUR LIFE SO BOLDLY ?
I AM FITTER TO MEET DEATH THAN ONE AS ARROGANT AS YOU BOIS-GUILBERT.
THEN TAKE YOUR PLACE IN THE LISTS, SIR DISINHERITED, AND LOOK YOUR LAST UPON THE SUN--
--FOR THIS NIGHT, YOU SHALL SLEEP IN PARADISE.
THEN AS THE TWO KNIGHTS FACED EACH OTHER IN THE LISTS, AND AS A SILENCE FELL OVER THE CROWD OF SPECTATORS...
...THE TRUMPETS SCREAMED AT THE SKIES...

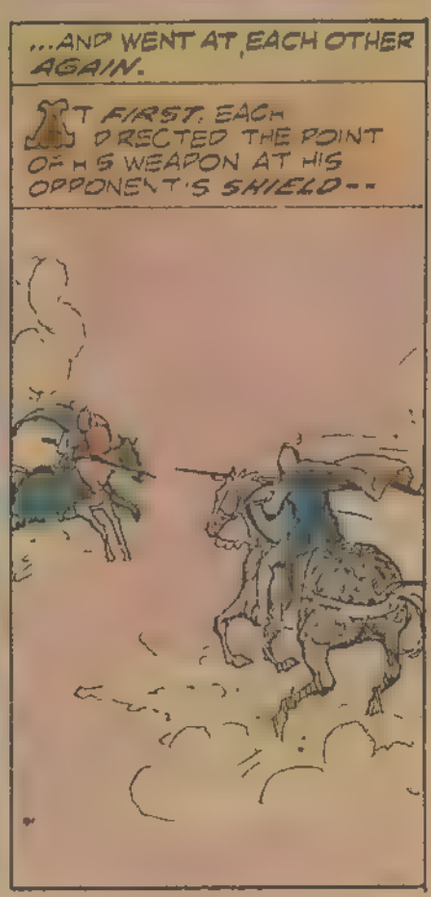

THEY VANISHED FROM THEIR POSITIONS WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING--


--AND CLASHED WITH THE SHOCK OF A THUNDERBOLT.
BOTH LANCES SHATTERED AND SPLINTERED UPON IMPACT WITH THE OTHER'S SHIELD...


...BUT BOTH RIDERS REMAINED SEATED ON THEIR MOUNTS.

THIS DISINHERITED KNIGHT IS TRULY A MATCH FOR BOIS-GUILBERT.
YES, LADY ROWENA--PERHAPS THE PROUD NORMAN WILL NOT WIN THE DAY, AS I HAVE FEARED.

RETURNING TO THEIR STATIONS, BOTH KNIGHTS RECEIVED FRESH LANCES...


...AND WENT AT EACH OTHER AGAIN.
AT FIRST, EACH DIRECTED THE POINT OF HIS WEAPON AT HIS OPPONENT'S SHIELD--

--BUT THEN, JUST BEFORE THEY *MET*, THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT CHANGED HIS AIM TO ADDRESS BOIS-GUILBERT'S *HELMET*, A MORE DIFFICULT MARK TO *HIT*--

--BUT A MORE *EFFECTIVE* ONE IF *ATTAINED*.

BOIS-GUILBERT'S LANCE STRUCK HIS ANTAGONIST'S SHIELD *SO FORCIBLY* THAT THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT BARELY MANAGED TO REMAIN *SEATED*...

...AS HIS *OWN* LANCE STRUCK THE TEMPLAR'S HELMET, LODGING IN THE VISOR'S *BARS*--

--FORCING BOIS-GUILBERT OFF HIS *HORSE*, SADDLE AND ALL.

STUNG BY MADNESS, AND TO HIS *DISGRACE*, THE UNSEATED TEMPLAR DREW HIS SWORD AND WAVED IT IN DEFIANCE AT HIS *CONQUEROR*.

EAGER TO *MEET* THIS NEW CHALLENGE, THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT DISMOUNTED FROM HIS OWN STEED, *ALSO* UNSHEATING HIS SWORD...

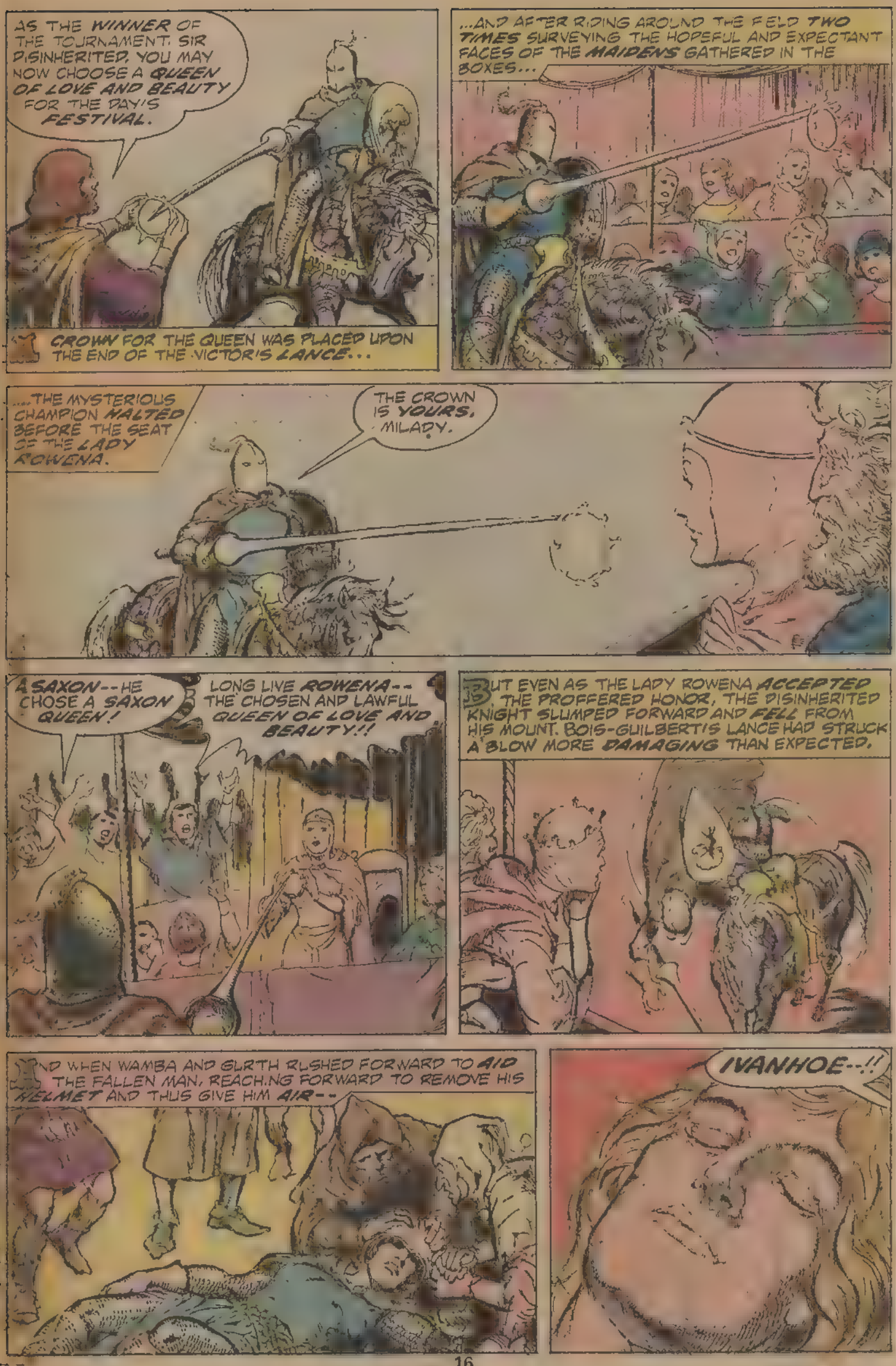
...BUT THE *MARSHALS OF THE FIELD*, SPURRING THEIR HORSES *BETWEEN* THE TWO, REMINDED THEM THAT THE LAWS OF THE TOURNAMENT DO NOT *PERMIT* THIS SPECIES OF ENCOUNTER.

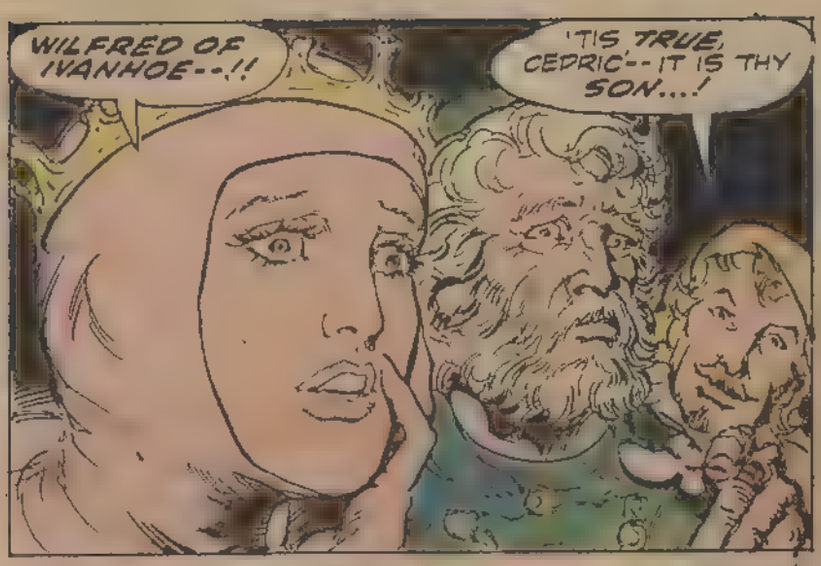
THE COMBAT IS *ENDED*--WITH *SIR DISINHERITED* DECLARED THE *VICTOR OF THE TOURNAMENT!*

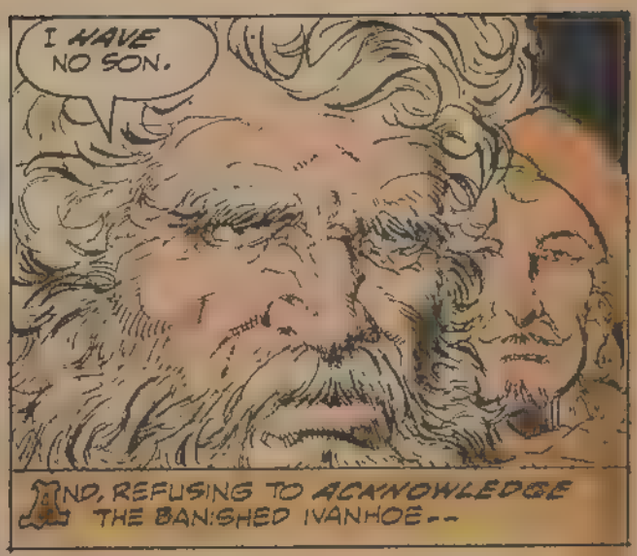
WE SHALL MEET *AGAIN*, I HOPE--WHEN THERE ARE NONE TO *KEEP US APART*, SIR DISINHERITED.

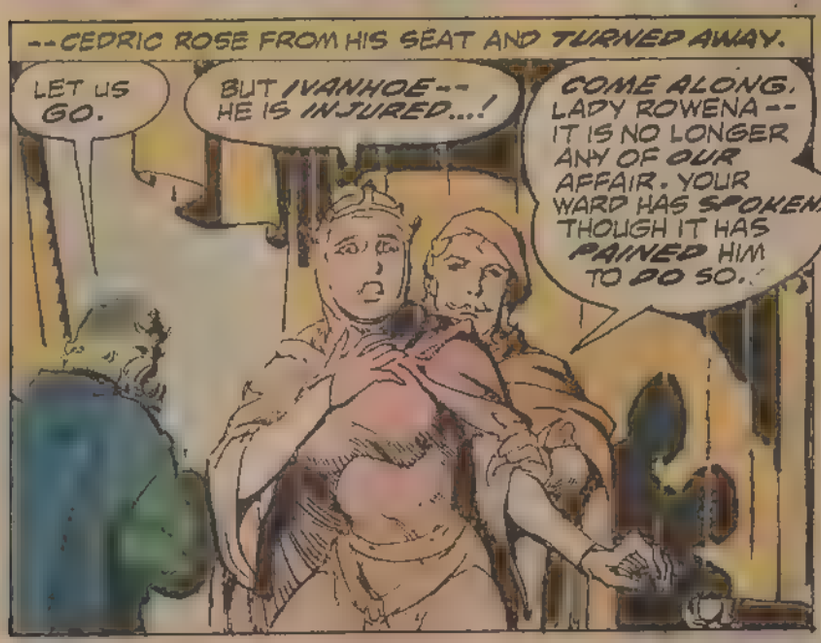
IF WE *DO NOT*, TEMPLAR, THE FAULT WILL NOT BE *MINE*.

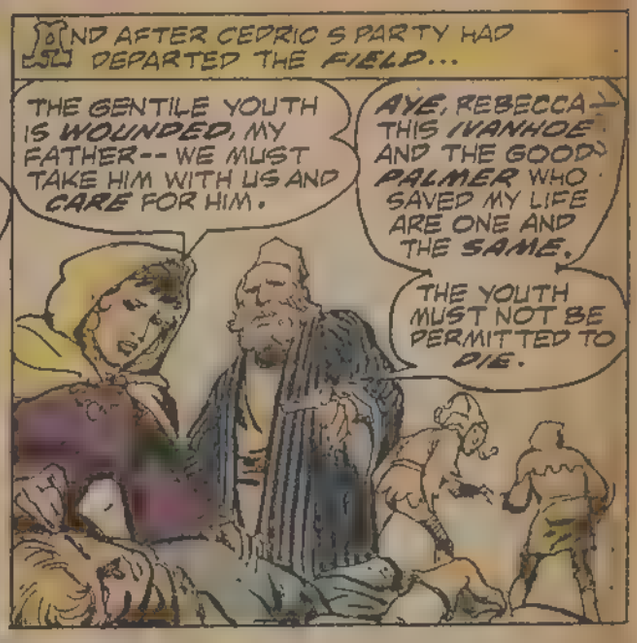
ON *FOOT* OR *HORSEBACK*--WITH *LANCE*, *AXE*, OR *SWORD*--I AM READY TO *ENCOUNTER* YOU... AT *ANY TIME*.

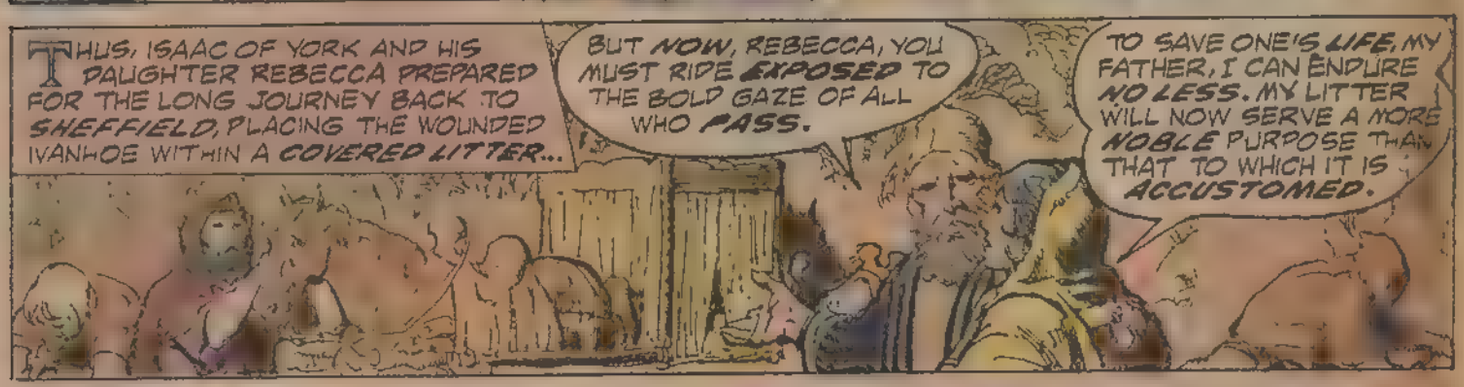

AS THE WINNER OF THE TOURNAMENT, SIR DISINHERITED, YOU MAY NOW CHOOSE A QUEEN OF LOVE AND BEAUTY FOR THE DAY'S FESTIVAL.
...AND AFTER RIDING AROUND THE FELD TWO TIMES SURVEYING THE HOPEFUL AND EXPECTANT FACES OF THE MAIDENS GATHERED IN THE BOXES...
1 CROWN FOR THE QUEEN WAS PLACED UPON THE END OF THE VICTOR'S LANCE...
...THE MYSTERIOUS CHAMPION HALTED BEFORE THE SEAT OF THE LADY ROWENA.
THE CROWN IS YOURS, MILADY.
A SAXON--HE CHOSE A SAXON QUEEN!
LONG LIVE ROWENA--THE CHOSEN AND LAWFUL QUEEN OF LOVE AND BEAUTY!!
3 BUT EVEN AS THE LADY ROWENA ACCEPTED THE PROFFERED HONOR, THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT SLUMPED FORWARD AND FELL FROM HIS MOUNT. BOIS-GUILBERT'S LANCE HAD STRUCK A BLOW MORE DAMAGING THAN EXPECTED.
4 AND WHEN WAMBA AND GURTH RUSHED FORWARD TO AID THE FALLEN MAN, REACHING FORWARD TO REMOVE HIS HELMET AND THUS GIVE HIM AIR--
IVANHOE--!!

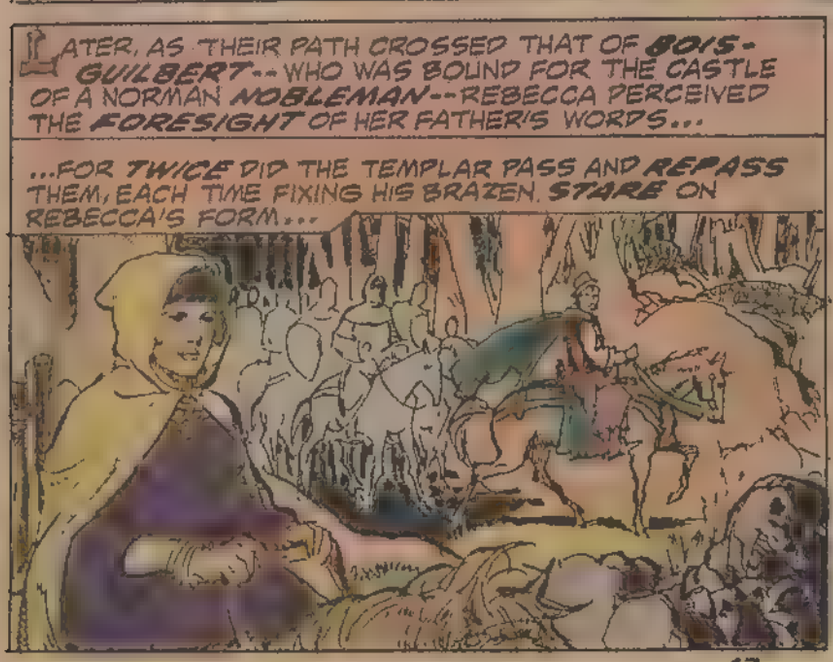

WILFRED OF IVANHOE--!!
'TIS TRUE, CEDRIC'--IT IS THY SON....!

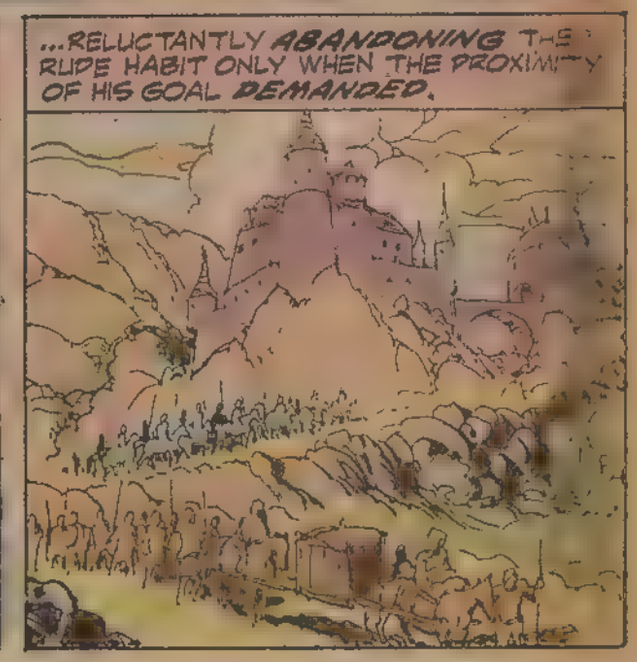

I HAVE NO SON.
AND, REFUSING TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE BANISHED IVANHOE--


--CEDRIC ROSE FROM HIS SEAT AND TURNED AWAY.
LET US GO.
BUT IVANHOE--HE IS INJURED...!
COME ALONG, LADY ROWENA--IT IS NO LONGER ANY OF OUR AFFAIR. YOUR WARD HAS SPOKEN. THOUGH IT HAS PAINED HIM TO DO SO.


AND AFTER CEDRIC'S PARTY HAD DEPARTED THE FIELD...
THE GENTILE YOUTH IS WOUNDED, MY FATHER--WE MUST TAKE HIM WITH US AND CARE FOR HIM.
AYE, REBECCA--THIS IVANHOE AND THE GOOD PALMER WHO SAVED MY LIFE ARE ONE AND THE SAME.
THE YOUTH MUST NOT BE PERMITTED TO DIE.


THUS, ISAAC OF YORK AND HIS DAUGHTER REBECCA PREPARED FOR THE LONG JOURNEY BACK TO SHEFFIELD, PLACING THE WOUNDED IVANHOE WITHIN A COVERED LITTER..
BUT NOW, REBECCA, YOU MUST RIDE EXPOSED TO THE BOLD GAZE OF ALL WHO PASS.
TO SAVE ONE'S LIFE, MY FATHER, I CAN ENDURE NO LESS. MY LITTER WILL NOW SERVE A MORE NOBLE PURPOSE THAN THAT TO WHICH IT IS ACCUSTOMED.

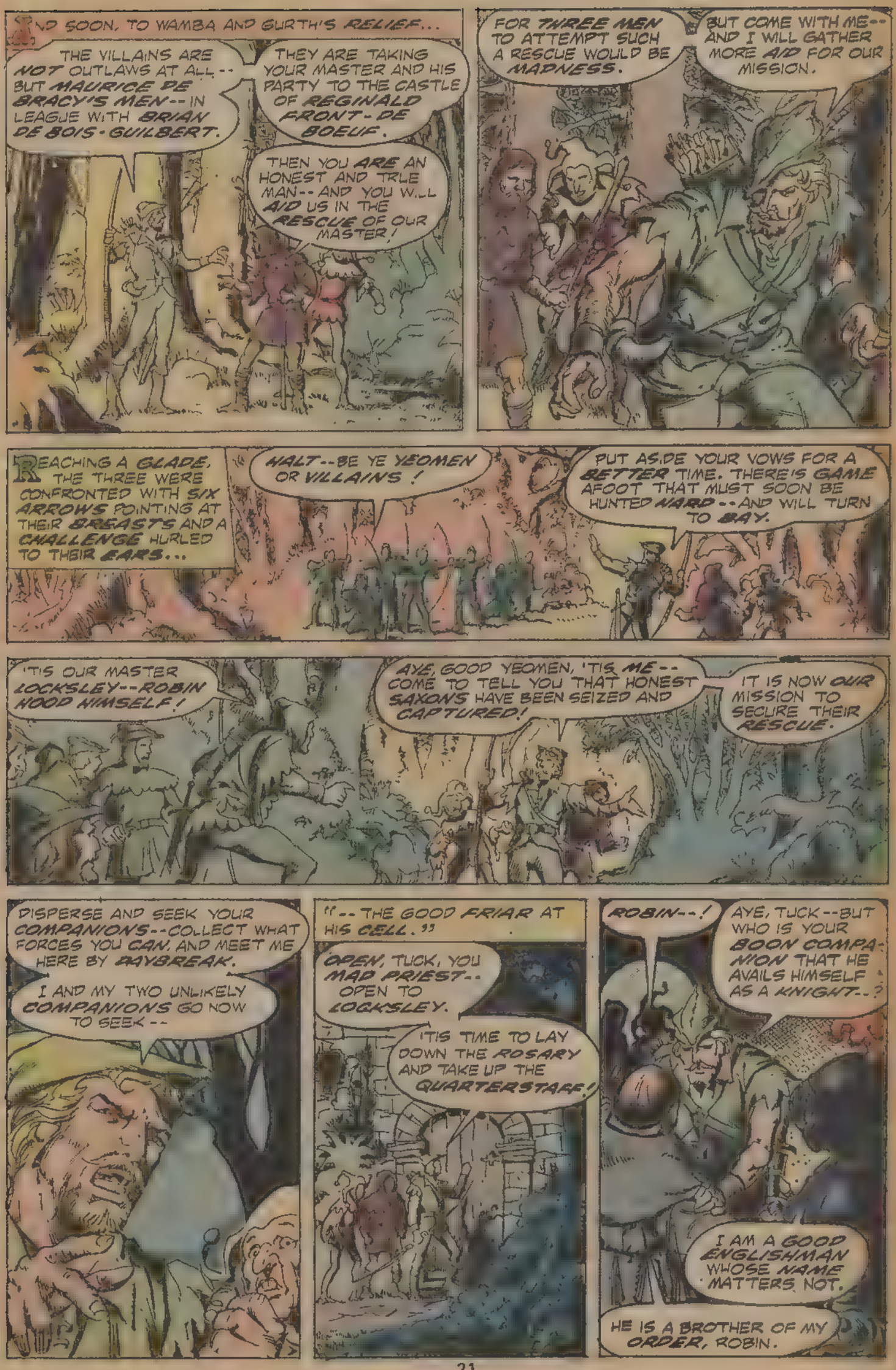

LATER, AS THEIR PATH CROSSED THAT OF BOIS-GUILBERT--WHO WAS BOUND FOR THE CASTLE OF A NORMAN NOBLEMAN--REBECCA PERCEIVED THE FORESIGHT OF HER FATHER'S WORDS...
...FOR TWICE DID THE TEMPLAR PASS AND REPASS THEM, EACH TIME FIXING HIS BRAZEN STARE ON REBECCA'S FORM...

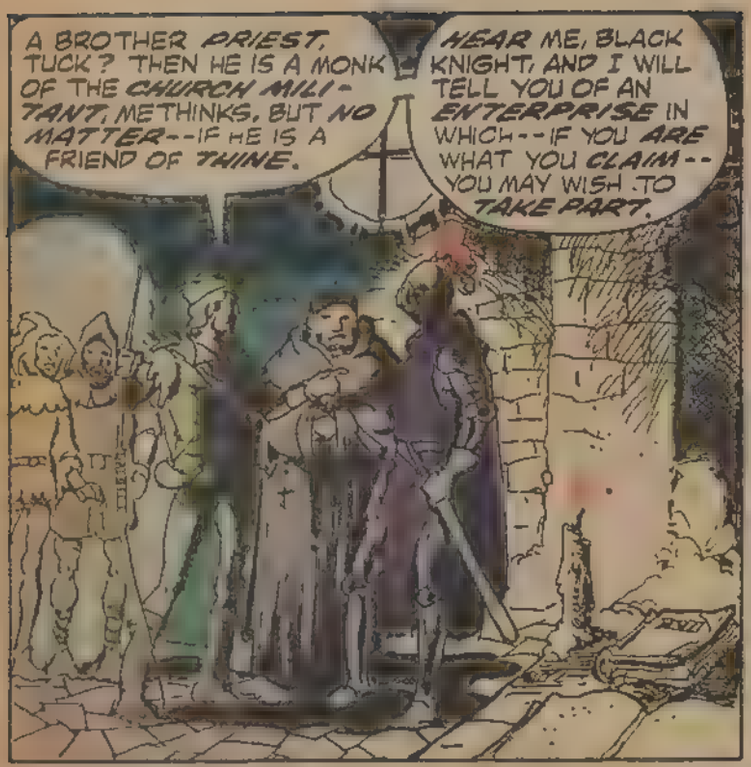

...RELUCTANTLY ABANDONING THE RUDE HABIT ONLY WHEN THE PROXIMITY OF HIS GOAL DEMANDED.

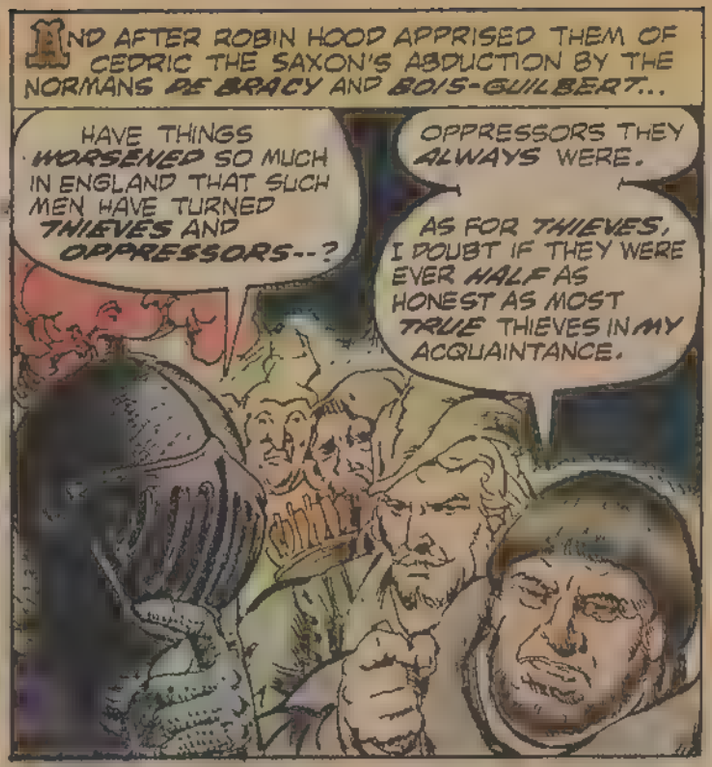
WITHIN THE CASTLE, BOIS-GUILBERT MET WITH HIS FELLOW NORMAN MAURICE DE BRACY, A MAN WHOSE MIND STILL LINGERED ON THE EARLIER EVENTS OF THE DAY...
THE FAIR-HAIRED SAXON--LADY ROWENA, I BELIEVE--WAS TRULY A FIT QUEEN OF LOVE AND BEAUTY, WAS SHE NOT?
I THINK I WOULD TAKE HER FOR MY WIFE, TEMPLAR.
I THINK NOT, LORD DE BRACY. HER CHURLISH GUARDIAN, CEDRIC, WOULD NOT PERMIT IT... AS I WELL KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE.
AM I TO CARE WHAT A COMMON SAXON WILL OR WILL NOT PERMIT?
IF NEED BE, I WILL CARRY OFF THIS FAIR ROWENA WITHOUT THE CONSENT OF THE GUARDIAN--OR EVEN HER OWN CONSENT.
A NOBLE PLAN, DE BRACY--AND GLADLY WILL I AID YOU, FOR REASONS OF MY OWN. OUR BEST OPPORTUNITY IS NOW...
...FOR CEDRIC AND HIS PARTY MUST PASS THROUGH YOUR FOREST ON THEIR WAY BACK TO THEIR DWELLING AT ROTHERWOOD.
THEN WE WILL TAKE MY FOLLOWERS, SWOOP DOWN ON THEM--AND ABDUCT THEM TO THE CASTLE OF REGINALD FRONT-DE BOEUF...
...WHERE ROWENA WILL BE HELD PRISONER UNTIL SHE AGREES TO BE MY BRIDE.
AYE--BUT LET US SET UPON THE PARTY NOT AS OURSELVES, BUT RATHER DRESSED AS SAXONS.
IN THIS MANNER, THE BLAME OF THE VIOLENCE WILL REST ON THE HEADS OF THE OUTLAWS IN THE FOREST.
MEANWHILE, UNAWARE OF THE SCHEME PLOTTED BETWEEN BOIS-GUILBERT AND DE BRACY, CEDRIC'S PARTY CAME UPON ISAAC OF YORK AND HIS DAUGHTER...
GOOD CEDRIC, YOU HAVE SHOWN ME KINDNESS IN THE PAST--PERHAPS YOU WILL INDULGE MY MISFORTUNE AGAIN...
OUR SERVANTS HEARD OF A BAND OF OUTLAWS LYING IN WAIT SOMEWHERE AHEAD IN THE FOREST...
THEY HAVE FLED, LEAVING US ALONE AND DEFENSELESS--WITH THE LITTER OF AN AILING FRIEND.
WOULD IT PLEASE YOU TO ALLOW US TO TRAVEL UNDER THE SAFE-GUARD OF YOUR PARTY?
COURAGE, GOOD MAN...

THE MAN IS OLD AND FEEBLE, CEDRIC -- THE MAIDEN YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL -- AND THEIR FRIEND SICK AND IN PERIL OF HIS LIFE...
WE CANNOT TURN A DEAF EAR ON THEIR APPEAL AND LEAVE THEM LIKE THIS.
VERY WELL, ROWENA -- THEY MAY JOIN OUR PARTY. HAVE SOME MEN TAKE UP THE LITTER AND LET US PROCEED.
THUS, NEVER REALIZING THAT THE COVERED LITTER HID THE INJURED FORM OF HIS SON, IVANHOE, CEDRIC LED HIS PARTY FORWARD -- DEEP INTO THE FOREST...
...AND STRAIGHT INTO AN ATTACK.
A WHITE DRAGON -- SAINT GEORGE FOR MERRY ENGLAND!!
ADOPTING THE WAR-CRIES OF SAXON OUTLAWS, THE DISGUISED NORMAN ASSAILANTS BURST FORTH...
...AND SAVAGELY FELL UPON THEIR PREY.
SURPRISED AND TERRIFIED BY THE SUDDENNESS OF THE AMBUSH CEDRIC'S PARTY HAD NOT A CHANCE -- FALLING EASY CAPTIVES TO THE SWARMING MEN DRESSED IN LINCOLN GREEN.

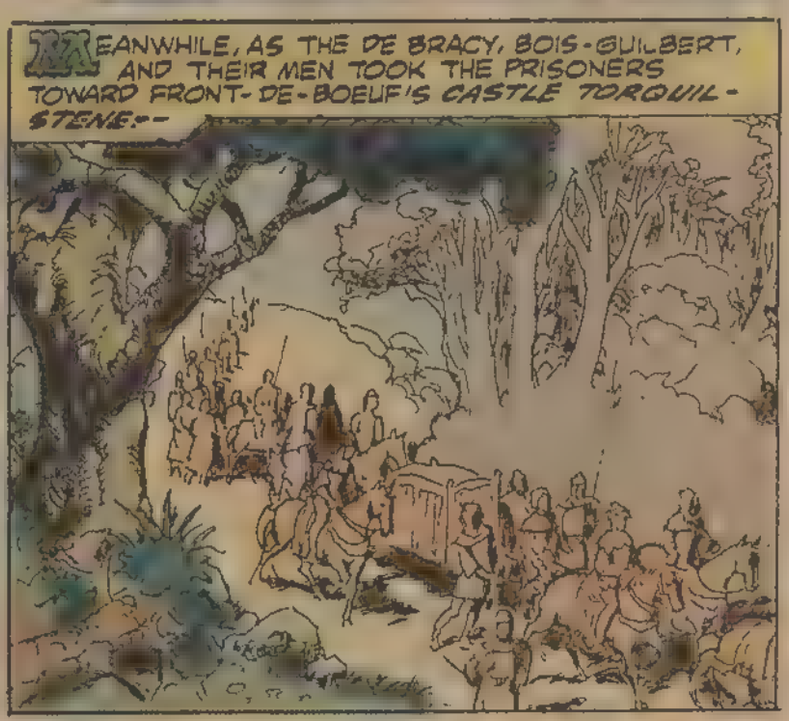
OF ALL ENGAGED IN THE FRAY, ONLY TWO SERVANTS MANAGED TO ESCAPE...
WAMBA THE JESTER--AND GURTH THE SWINEHERD.
AS SOON AS THEY FOUND THEMSELVES SAFE, THE TWO HESITATED, DEBATING WHETHER THEY SHOULD TURN BACK AND SHARE THE CAPTIVITY OF A MASTER TO WHOM THEY WERE SINCERELY ATTACHED...
I'VE HEARD WISE MEN TALK OF THE BLESSINGS OF FREEDOM, FRIEND GURTH, BUT I WISH A WISE MAN COULD TELL ME WHAT TO DO WITH MY FREEDOM NOW THAT I HAVE IT...
WHY NOT KEEP IT-- LIKE ANY HONEST FOOL ?
ANOTHER ONE -- SUCH AS THOSE WHO ATTACKED OUR MASTER!
WHO ATTACKED YOUR MASTER--? WHO DARES TO MAKE PRISONERS IN THESE WOODS ?
METHINKS, SIR OUTLAW, THAT THE FOX SHOULD KNOW HIS OWN CHILDREN. THOSE WHO SWOOPED DOWN ON OUR MASTER--CEDRIC THE SAXON--WEAR COATS AS MUCH LIKE YOUR OWN AS ONE GREEN PEA-POD TO ANOTHER.
WHAT--? VILLAINS WHO DARE TO WEAR AN HONEST OUTLAW'S CLOTHING--?
I WILL GO AND MINGLE WITH YON VILLAINS-- TILL I MAY LEARN WHO THEY ARE.
STIR NOT FROM WHERE YOU STAND UNTIL I HAVE RETURNED...
THEN, AS THE MAN SLIPPED AMONG THE CAPTORS OF CEDRIC AND HIS PARTY, WAMBA AND GURTH WERE AGAIN TORN BY INDECISION...
SHALL WE STAND FAST OR FLEE, GURTH? TO MY MIND, HE IS TOO MUCH THE THIEF TO BE AN HONEST MAN.
EVEN IF HE IS THE DEVIL, WE CAN DO NO WORSE THAN AWAIT HIS RETURN. IF HE INTENDS TO DO US ILL, THEN HE HAS ALREADY DONE IT BY ALERTING HIS FELLOWS TO OUR PRESENCE...

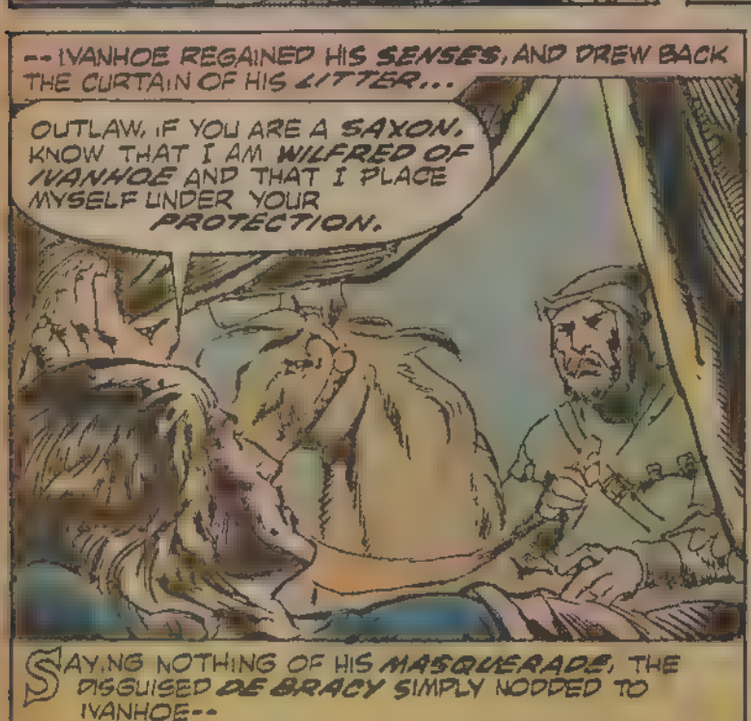

ND SOON, TO WAMBA AND GURTH'S RELIEF...
THE VILLAINS ARE NOT OUTLAWS AT ALL -- BUT MAURICE DE BRACY'S MEN -- IN LEAGUE WITH BRIAN DE BOIS-GUILBERT.
THEY ARE TAKING YOUR MASTER AND HIS PARTY TO THE CASTLE OF REGINALD FRONT-DE BOEUF.
THEN YOU ARE AN HONEST AND TRUE MAN -- AND YOU WILL AID US IN THE RESCUE OF OUR MASTER!
FOR THREE MEN TO ATTEMPT SUCH A RESCUE WOULD BE MADNESS.
BUT COME WITH ME -- AND I WILL GATHER MORE AID FOR OUR MISSION.
REACHING A GLADE, THE THREE WERE CONFRONTED WITH SIX ARROWS POINTING AT THEIR BREASTS AND A CHALLENGE HURLED TO THEIR EARS...
HALT -- BE YE YEOMEN OR VILLAINS!
PUT ASIDE YOUR VOWS FOR A BETTER TIME. THERE'S GAME AFOOT THAT MUST SOON BE HUNTED HARD -- AND WILL TURN TO BAY.
'TIS OUR MASTER LOCKSLEY -- ROBIN HOOD HIMSELF!
AYE, GOOD YEOMEN, 'TIS ME -- COME TO TELL YOU THAT HONEST SAXONS HAVE BEEN SEIZED AND CAPTURED!
IT IS NOW OUR MISSION TO SECURE THEIR RESCUE.
DISPERSE AND SEEK YOUR COMPANIONS -- COLLECT WHAT FORCES YOU CAN, AND MEET ME HERE BY DAYBREAK.
I AND MY TWO UNLIKELY COMPANIONS GO NOW TO SEEK --
"-- THE GOOD FRIAR AT HIS CELL."
OPEN, TUCK, YOU MAD PRIEST -- OPEN TO LOCKSLEY.
'TIS TIME TO LAY DOWN THE ROSARY AND TAKE UP THE QUARTERSTAFF!
ROBIN --!
AYE, TUCK -- BUT WHO IS YOUR BOON COMPANION THAT HE AVAILS HIMSELF AS A KNIGHT --?
I AM A GOOD ENGLISHMAN WHOSE NAME MATTERS NOT.
HE IS A BROTHER OF MY ORDER, ROBIN.


A BROTHER PRIEST, TUCK? THEN HE IS A MONK OF THE CHURCH MILITANT, METHINKS, BUT NO MATTER--IF HE IS A FRIEND OF THINE.
HEAR ME, BLACK KNIGHT, AND I WILL TELL YOU OF AN ENTERPRISE IN WHICH--IF YOU ARE WHAT YOU CLAIM--YOU MAY WISH TO TAKE PART.


AND AFTER ROBIN HOOD APPRISED THEM OF CEDRIC THE SAXON'S ABDUCTION BY THE NORMANS DE BRACY AND BOIS-GUILBERT...
HAVE THINGS WORSENED SO MUCH IN ENGLAND THAT SUCH MEN HAVE TURNED THIEVES AND OPPRESSORS--?
OPPRESSORS THEY ALWAYS WERE.
AS FOR THIEVES, I DOUBT IF THEY WERE EVER HALF AS HONEST AS MOST TRUE THIEVES IN MY ACQUAINTANCE.

THEN I WILLINGLY BELIEVE YOU--AND PLEDGE MY AID IN SETTING THE SAXON CAPTIVES FREE.

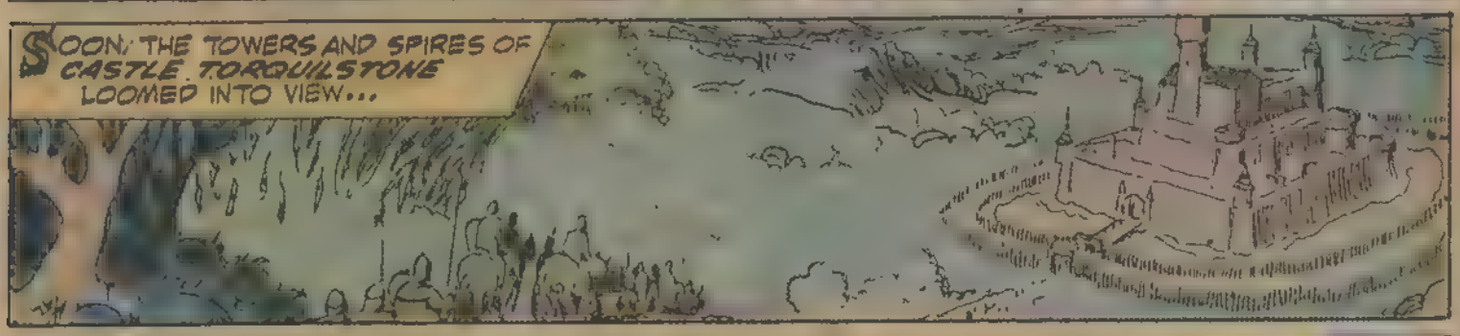

MEANWHILE, AS THE DE BRACY, BOIS-GUILBERT, AND THEIR MEN TOOK THE PRISONERS TOWARD FRONT-DE-BOEUF'S CASTLE TORQUILSTONE:--


--IVANHOE REGAINED HIS SENSES, AND DREW BACK THE CURTAIN OF HIS LITTER...
OUTLAW, IF YOU ARE A SAXON, KNOW THAT I AM WILFRED OF IVANHOE AND THAT I PLACE MYSELF UNDER YOUR PROTECTION.
SAYING NOTHING OF HIS MASQUERADE, THE DISGUISED DE BRACY SIMPLY NODDED TO IVANHOE--

--AND RODE FORWARD TO JOIN BOIS-GUILBERT AT THE HEAD OF THE PARTY...
THIS FRAY HAS GAINED US GREATER SPOILS THAN WE IMAGINED TEMPLAR.
TRUE, INDEED, DE BRACY--I NOW POSSESS SOMETHING I CAN TERM EXCLUSIVELY MY OWN.

YOU MEAN THE MONEY OF ISAAC THE JEW?
HE IS BUT HALF A PRIZE, DE BRACY, FOR HIS SPOILS MUST BE SHARED WITH FRONT-DE BOEUF--WHO WILL HARDLY LEND US THE USE OF HIS CASTLE FOR NOTHING.

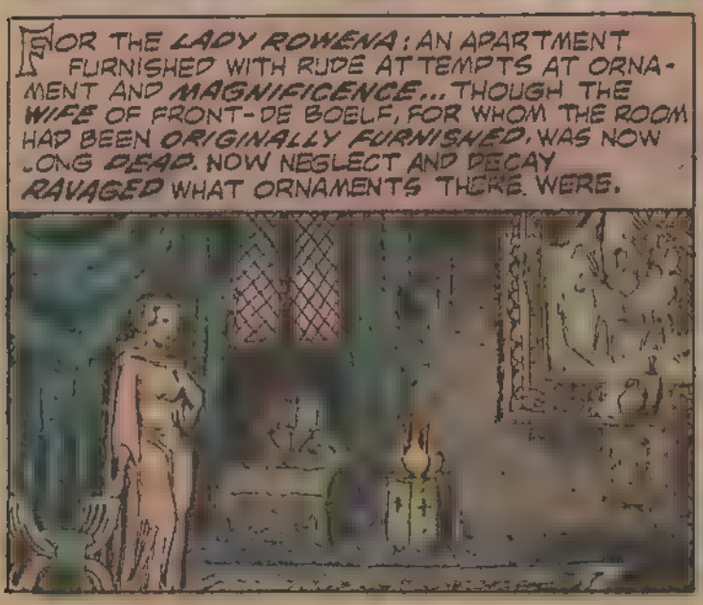
NO, I MEAN THE JEW'S DAUGHTER--THE LOVELY REBECCA.
SHE WILL BE MY TRUE PRIZE...


SOON, THE TOWERS AND SPIRES OF CASTLE TORQUILSTONE LOOMED INTO VIEW...

AND WHEN THE PARTY WAS MET BY THE MASTER OF THE CASTLE--REGINALD FRONT-DE BOEUF, A MENACING AND IMPOSING MASS OF A MAN...

...THE CAPTIVES WERE SEPARATED...

...AND PLACED IN THEIR RESPECTIVE PARSONS.
FOR ISAAC OF YORK: THE DUNGEON.


FOR THE LADY ROWENA: AN APARTMENT FURNISHED WITH RUDE ATTEMPTS AT ORNAMENT AND MAGNIFICENCE...THOUGH THE WIFE OF FRONT-DE BOEUF, FOR WHOM THE ROOM HAD BEEN ORIGINALLY FURNISHED, WAS NOW LONG DEAD. NOW NEGLECT AND DECAY RAVAGED WHAT ORNAMENTS THERE WERE.

AND FOR REBECCA: A ROOM HIGH ATOP THE CASTLE'S UPPERMOST TOWER--FILLED WITH GLOOM AND DUST.

IN TIME, ISAAC OF YORK WAS VISITED BY FRONT DE-BOEUF...
YOU WILL PAY ME A THOUSAND SILVER POUNDS, JEW--
--OR YOU WILL SUFFER A LONG AND LINGERING DEATH.
ROBBER AND VILLAIN! I WILL PAY THEE NOTHING, FRONT DE-BOEUF--
--UNLESS MY DAUGHTER REBECCA IS RETURNED TO ME IN SAFETY AND HONOR!
YOU DARE TO DEFY ME--?! ARE YOU MAD OLD JEW?!
HAS YOUR FLESH AND BLOOD A CHARM AGAINST HEATED IRON AND SCALDING OIL--?!!
MY DAUGHTER IS DEARER TO ME THAN MY VERY LIMBS--NO MATTER HOW MUCH THEY ARE THREATENED BY YOUR CRUELTY.
WE SHALL SEE HOW DEAR THE JEW HOLDS HIS LIMBS AND HIS FLESH!
STRIP HIM-- AND CHAIN HIM DOWN UPON THE HOT BARS!!
FEAR ME, ISAAC OF YORK, AND FEAR ME WELL--FOR I WILL GO THROUGH WITH THIS IF YOU DO NOT PAY ME WHAT I DEMAND!
AND I WILL PAY YOU NOTHING UNLESS YOU SURRENDER WHAT I DEMAND--THE SAFE RETURN OF MY DAUGHTER!
THEN YOU ARE DOOMED!
THEN, AS THE SOUND OF A BUGLE THRICE SOUNDED FROM WITHOUT THE CASTLE PENETRATED EVEN HERE TO THE RECESSES OF THE DUNGEON...
SOMEONE IS AT THE GATE--!
LET THE JEW BE, FOR NOW--WHILE I SEE TO THIS INTRUSION.

AND WHILE FRONT DE-BOEUF WAS IN ISAAC'S DUNGEON, MAURICE DE BRACY--NOW DRESSED IN HIS OWN NORMAN FINERY--ENTERED THE LADY ROWENA'S APARTMENT...
WILL NOT NOT BE SEATED MY LADY?
SINCE I AM IN THE PRESENCE OF A JAILER, I SHALL REMAIN STANDING TILL I LEARN THE NATURE OF MY DOOM.
YOUR JAILER, FAIR ROWENA?
NO--IT IS I WHO IS A PRISONER...CAPTIVE TO YOUR BEAUTY.
I KNOW YOU NOT, SIR KNIGHT--NOT WHO YOU ARE, NOR EVEN WHAT YOUR NAME MIGHT BE.
I AM MAURICE DE BRACY, FAIR ROWENA--A NORMAN NOBLEMAN...
...AND I TELL YOU THAT YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE THIS CASTLE UNLESS YOU LEAVE IT AS MY WIFE.
THEN I WILL NEVER LEAVE, MAURICE DE BRACY.
YOU END MY PATIENCE, WOMAN! I WELL KNOW THAT YOU LOVE WILFRED OF IVANHOE--
--BUT KNOW YOU THAT HE IS A PRISONER IN THIS VERY CASTLE--?!
IVANHOE HERE--?! YOU MUST SAVE HIM--IF YOU HAVE ANY MERCY IN YOUR SOUL AT ALL--YOU MUST SAVE HIM!
SAVE IVANHOE FROM HIS CERTAIN DOOM ROWENA--SO THAT YOU MAY GIVE YOUR LOVE TO HIM RATHER THAN TO ME--?
DO YOU THINK I AM NO BETTER THAN A FOOL?!
BUT...BUT YOU MUST SAVE HIM--AT...AT ANY COST....!
THE HORN WAS HEARD MORE CLEARLY WITHIN ROWENA'S APARTMENT...
I MUST GO TO THE GATE NOW--BUT THINK ON WHAT YOU HAVE SAID, ROWENA.
YOU HAVE MY WORD THAT I WILL SAVE IVANHOE IF YOU CONSENT TO BE MY BRIDE. IF NOT--HE WILL DIE.

AND AT THE SAME TIME DE BRACY STOOD IN ROWENA'S APARTMENTS, THE DOOR TO REBECCA'S TOWER ROOM OPENED TO ADMIT A MAN WEARING A DISGUISING CLOAK AND HAT...

TAKE THESE JEWELS, OUTLAW--ALL THAT I HAVE--AND BE MERCIFUL TO ME AND MY AGED FATHER.

I HAVE MADE A VOW, REBECCA, TO PREFER BEAUTY OVER WEALTH.

WHAT--? YOU ARE NO OUTLAW--BUT A NORMAN!

I AM A TEMPLAR, REBECCA--BEHOLD THE CROSS OF MY HOLY ORDER.

YOU DARE MENTION IT--WHEN YOU ARE ABOUT TO DISHONOR YOUR VOWS AS A KNIGHT AND A MAN OF RELIGION--?!

WELL PREACHED, REBECCA, BUT YOU ARE MY CAPTIVE--AND SUBJECT TO MY WILL.

IN ONE SWIFT MOVEMENT, REBECCA LEAPED UP TO STAND ON THE PARAPET OF THE TOWER WINDOW...

SUBJECT TO YOUR WILL, VILLAIN? NEVER--NOT WHEN I MAY CHOOSE THE WILL OF DEATH!

REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE--FOR SHOULD YOU ADVANCE ONE STEP NEARER, I WILL PLUNGE MYSELF INTO THE COURTYARD BELOW!

COME DOWN, RASH WOMAN--I SWEAR I WILL OFFER YOU NO OFFENSE!

YOU OFFER ME NO OFFENSE, TEMPLAR? BUT I OFFER YOU NO TRUST.

I GIVE YOU MY WORD THAT I WILL DO YOU NO INJURY, I HAVE NEVER BROKEN MY WORD.

COME DOWN, REBECCA--YOU NEED FEAR ME NO LONGER.

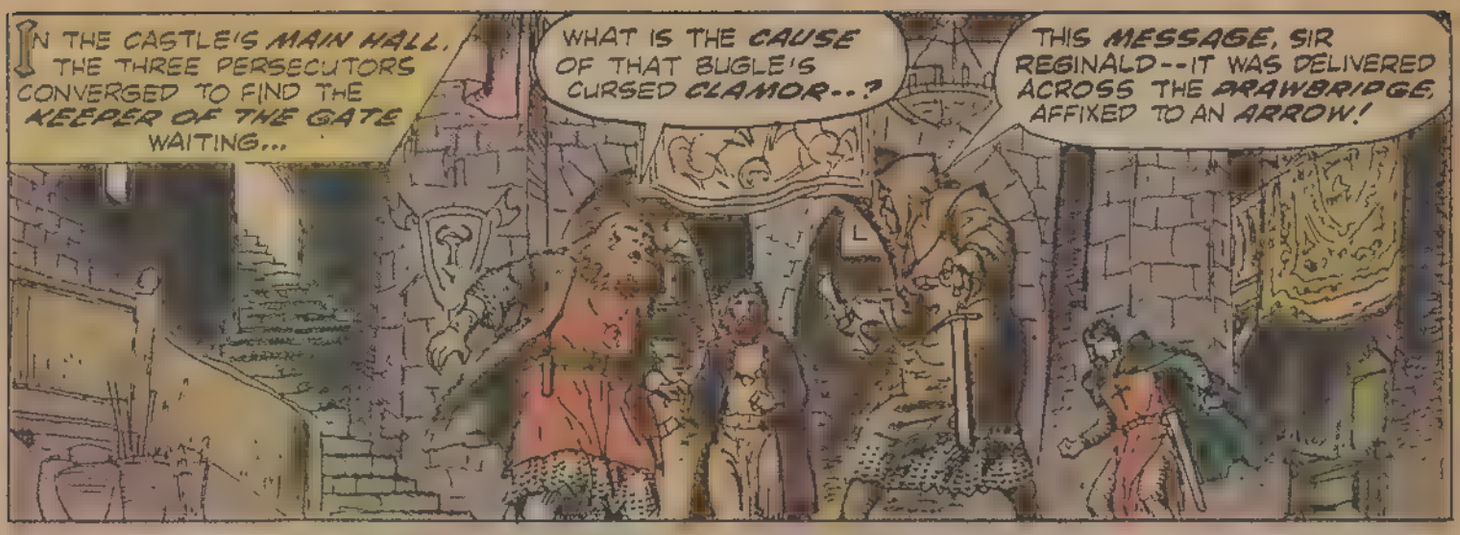
I HAVE NEVER FEARED YOU, TEMPLAR--THANKS TO HIM THAT REARED THIS TOWER SO HIGH THAT NONE COULD FALL FROM IT AND LIVE.

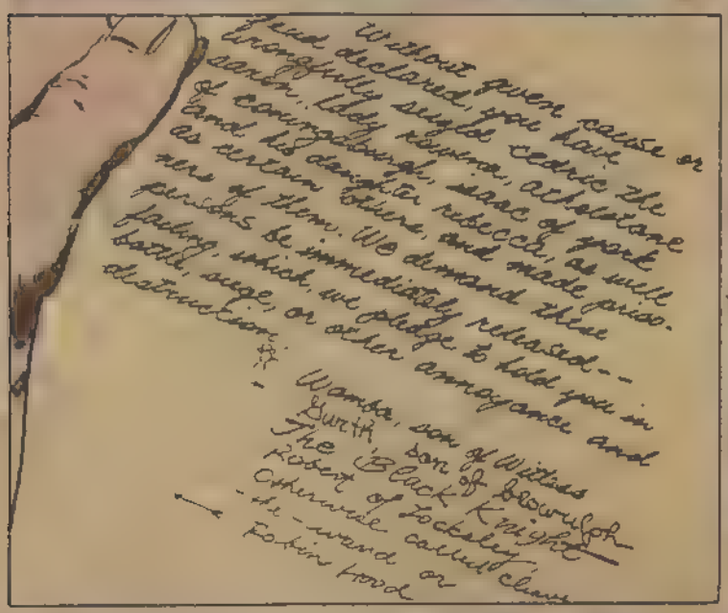
REBECCA, AS STRONG-WILLED AS YOU ARE, YOU MUST BE MINE!

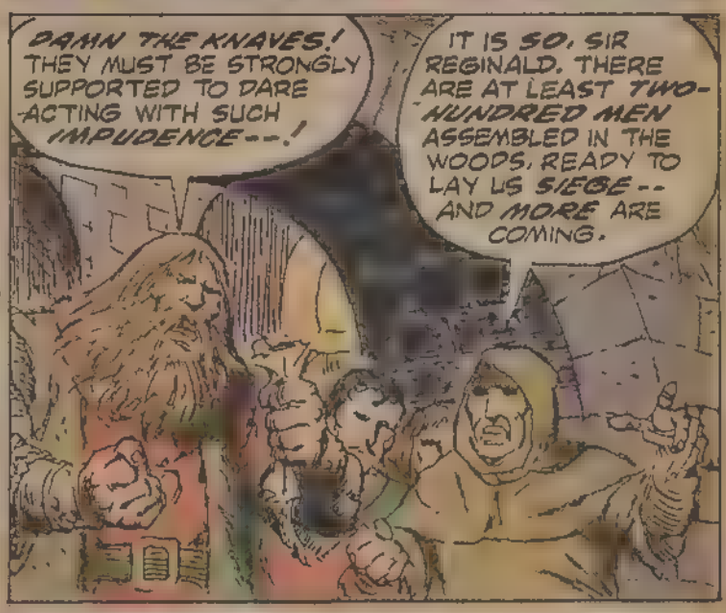
BUT I KNOW NOW THAT IT MUST BE WITH YOUR OWN CONSENT... AND ON YOUR OWN TERMS.

THAT BUGLE ANNOUNCES SOMETHING AT THE GATE WHICH MAY REQUIRE MY ATTENTION.

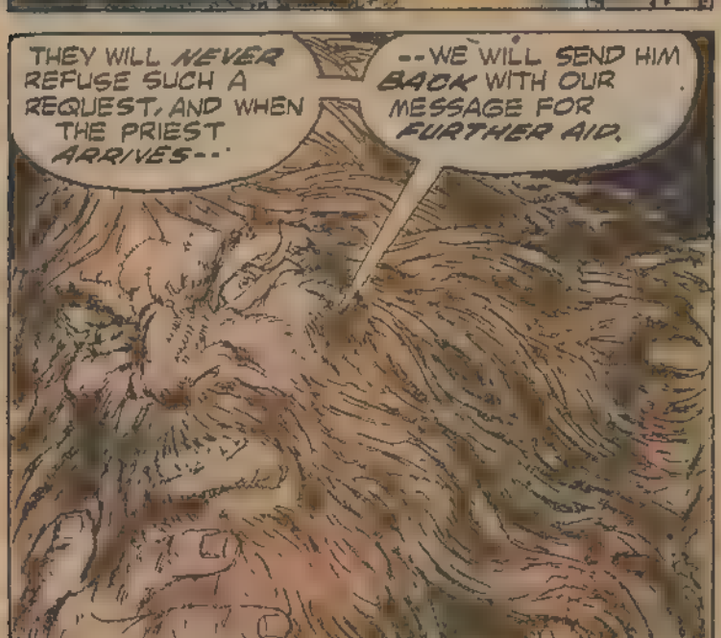
FAREWELL, REBECCA, AND DO NOT THINK TOO POORLY OF THE TEMPLAR WHO HAS BROKEN HIS HOLY VOW IN QUEST OF YOUR LOVE.


IN THE CASTLE'S MAIN HALL, THE THREE PERSECUTORS CONVERGED TO FIND THE KEEPER OF THE GATE WAITING...
WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF THAT BUGLE'S CURSED CLAMOR--?
THIS MESSAGE, SIR REGINALD--IT WAS DELIVERED ACROSS THE DRAWBRIDGE, AFFIXED TO AN ARROW!


I, the undersigned, declare, without given cause or wrongfully usurped, do hereby demand, Eddy Waynman, Cedric the Saxon, Eddy Waynman, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, Isaac of York and his daughter Rebecca, as well as certain others, and made prisoners of them. We demand these persons be immediately released--failing which, we pledge to hold you in battle, siege, or other annoyance and destruction.
- Wamba, son of Witless Swirth
- The Black Knight
- Robert of Locksley, otherwise called Robin Hood


DAMN THE KNAVES! THEY MUST BE STRONGLY SUPPORTED TO DARE ACTING WITH SUCH IMPUDENCE--!
IT IS SO, SIR REGINALD. THERE ARE AT LEAST TWO-HUNDRED MEN ASSEMBLED IN THE WOODS, READY TO LAY US SIEGE--AND MORE ARE COMING.

TWO HUNDRED...! THEN WE CANNOT HOPE TO RESIST THEM WITHOUT FURTHER AID...AND WERE WE TO SEND A MESSENGER FOR MORE MEN, HE WOULD NEVER MAKE IT THROUGH THE FOREST...
NO--BUT A PRIEST WOULD MAKE IT! WE SHALL ANSWER THIS CHALLENGE BY ANNOUNCING THAT OUR PRISONERS WILL BE EXECUTED--
--AND WE WILL APPEAL TO OUR CHALLENGERS FOR A PRIEST TO ADMINISTER THE LAST RITES, SO THAT OUR PRISONERS MAY DIE WITH THEIR SOULS CLEANSED.


THEY WILL NEVER REFUSE SUCH A REQUEST, AND WHEN THE PRIEST ARRIVES--
--WE WILL SEND HIM BACK WITH OUR MESSAGE FOR FURTHER AID.

TRUE TO FRONT DE BOEUF'S PREDICTION, THE APPEAL WAS SPEEDILY GRANTED...
I HAVE COME TO CONFESS THE DOOMED PRISONERS.
ENTER.

SOON, IN THE CELL WHICH CONTAINED CEDRIC AND ATHELSTANE...
WHO IS THIS--A PRIEST...?
THE HOLIEST OF PRIESTS, CEDRIC THE SAXON--
--AND THE CONSECRATOR OF WITLESS FOOLISHNESS --YOUR TRUSTY SERVANT AND JESTER.
WAMBA--!!
TAKE AND WEAR THIS PRIEST'S FROCK AND CORD, SIR CEDRIC! IN SUCH MANNER, YOU MAY MARCH QUIETLY FROM THE CASTLE-- AND YOUR DELIVERY WILL ENCOURAGE OUR FRIENDS IN THE WOODS TO OUR RESCUE.
IS THERE ANY PROSPECT, THEN, OF SUCH A RESCUE--?
NO LESS THAN FIVE-HUNDRED MEN NOW WAIT WITHOUT--ALL WITH UNCOMMON THIRSTS APPROACHING REVENGE.
THEN I WILL GO, WAMBA, WHILE YOU REMAIN HERE, WITH ATHELSTANE IN MY PLACE.
BUT KEEP YOUR COURAGE, FOR WE SHALL YET FIND THE MEANS OF SAVING YOU!
THINKING HIMSELF ALONE, AND THUS CARELESS WITH HIS DISGUISE, CEDRIC MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE CASTLE, WHEN--
YOU ARE CEDRIC THE SAXON--DENY IT NOT!
EH--?!
IT DOES NOT MATTER WHO I AM, OLD WOMAN, WHO ARE YOU?
I AM ULRICA--ALSO A SAXON. FRONT DE BOEUF'S FATHER CAPTURED THIS CASTLE FROM MY FATHER.
SINCE THEN, I HAVE DWELT ALONE IN THESE HALLS, SCORNED AND INSULTED BY ALL--WITH NOT THE COURAGE TO DIE.
BUT YOUR PRESENCE NOW GIVES ME THAT COURAGE, CEDRIC THE SAXON. I HAVE SEEN A FORCE WAITING WITHOUT THIS CASTLE...
LEAD THEM TO THE ATTACK--AND WHEN YOU SEE A RED FLAG WAVING FROM THE EASTERN TURRET, PRESS THE ATTACK HARDER! I WILL GIVE THE NORMANS MUCH TO WORRY ABOUT FROM WITHIN.

NOW, **BEGONE**, CEDRIC THE SAXON--AND LEAVE OLD ULRICA TO HER **FATE**!

AFTER PRETENDING TO CONFESS THE OTHER **PRISONERS**, AND THUS LEARNING THE **LOCATIONS** OF THEIR **CELLS**, CEDRIC WAS STOPPED IN THE MAIN HALL BY **FRONT DE-BOEUF**...

HOLD, PRIEST--I WOULD HAVE YOU CARRY THIS MESSAGE TO **PHILIP DE MALVOISIN**, HE WHOSE CASTLE LIES **NEARBY**.

GOD'S WILL BE **DONE**--AND YOUR COMMAND **OBEYED**, REGINALD FRONT DE-BOEUF.

BLUFFING HIS WAY FREE OF THE **CASTLE**, CEDRIC HURRIEDLY JOINED THE LEADERS OF THE BESIEGING FORCES IN THE SAFETY OF THE **WOODS**...

A **COUNCIL** WAS HELD IN WHICH CEDRIC CONVEYED TO HIS ALLIES ALL HE **KNEW** AND ALL HE HAD **LEARNED**, AND IN WHICH **STRATEGIES** WERE PLOTTED...

THEN, WITHOUT **FURTHER DELAY**, THE ATTACK ON **CASTLE TORQUILSTONE** WAS **BEGUN**.

SAXONS **POURED** FROM THE WOODS, LIKE FROTHING **MEAD** FROM A DASHED **CUP**...

FLYING SHAFTS AND MISSILES THICKLY FILLED THE AIR WITH NUMS AND WHIZZES...

ONWARD-- FOR THE GLORY OF ENGLAND!!

THE CASTLE BATTLEMENTS, TOO, WERE ASSAILED BY A SIMILAR RAIN OF DESTRUCTION.

--AND HARSH SOUNDS OF STRIFE WERE BROKEN ONLY BY THE SHOUTS OF MEN GOING TOO SOON TO THEIR REWARDS BEYOND THE MORTAL COIL OF LIFE.

LED BY THE BLACK KNIGHT, THE OUTER BARRIERS FELL UNDER THE PUSH OF THE ATTACKERS--

--WHO THEN ENGAGED WITH THE NORMAN DEFENDERS...

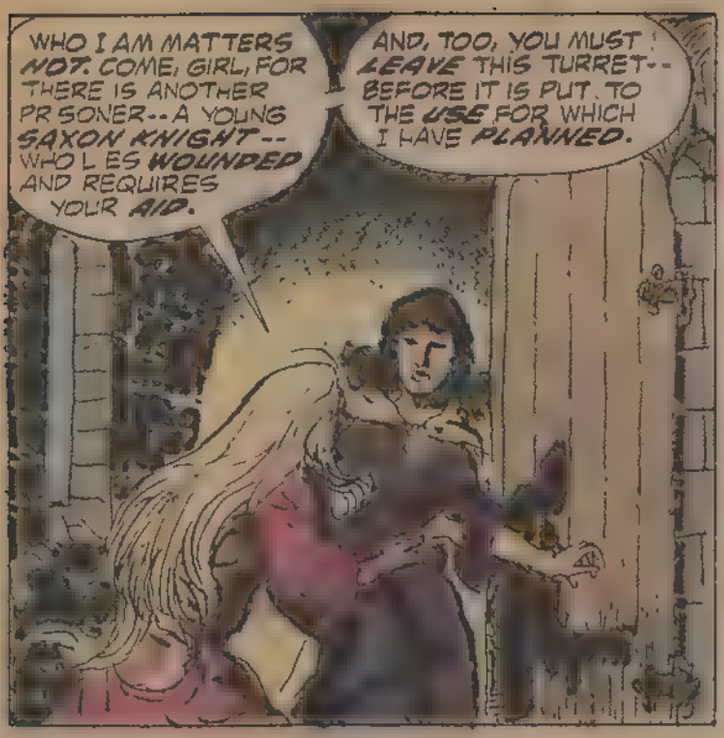
...LED BY REGINALD FRONT-DE BOEUF HIMSELF.

THE BLACK KNIGHT SURGED FORWARD AND MET FRONT-DE BOEUF IN SAVAGE HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT...

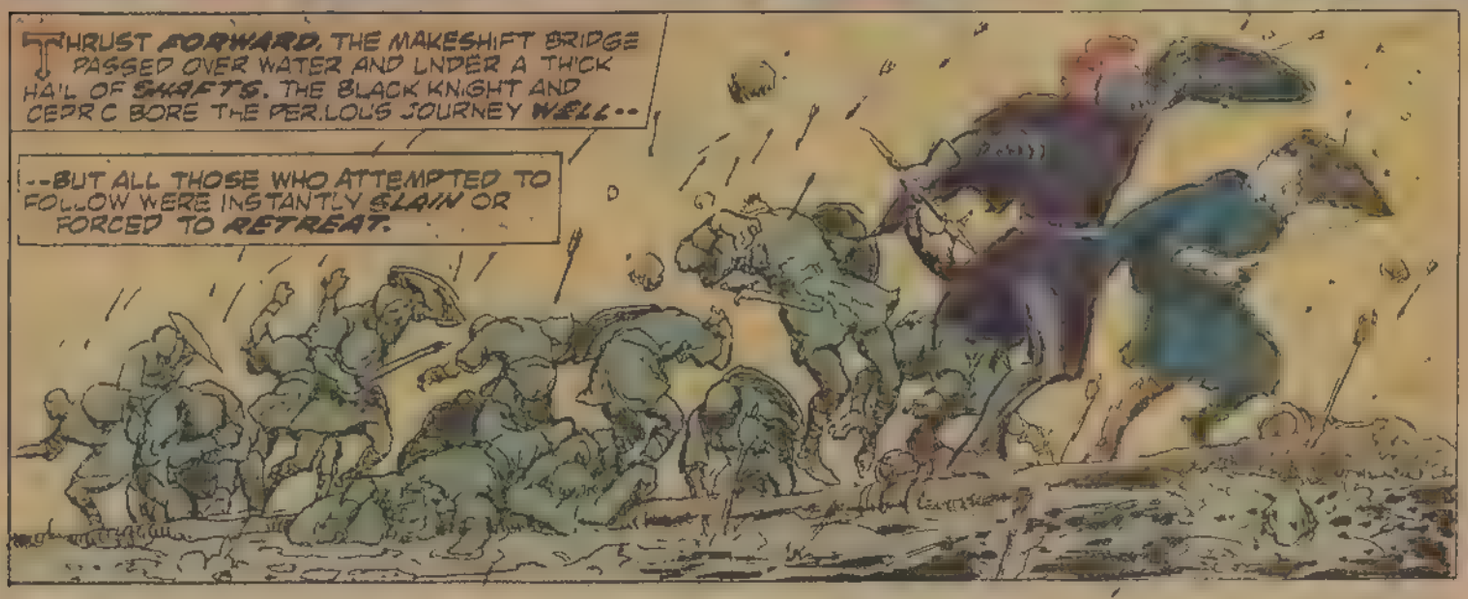
...ONLY TO FALL, HIS SWORD BROKEN, UNDER THE FORCEFUL BRUNT OF FRONT-DE BOEUF'S ATTACK..

NOW, BLACK KNIGHT, TAKE YOUR LAST BREATH OF LIFE--!!

BUT EVEN AS FRONT-DE BOEUF PREPARED TO ADMINISTER THE FINAL BLOW--
--THE BLACK KNIGHT SNATCHED UP A FALLEN AXE--
--AND--
--FRONT-DE BOEUF INSTEAD FELL... MORTALLY WOUNDED.
THE BARRIERS WERE WON, AND NOW THE SAXONS PRESSED ON TO THE SECOND WALL...
WITH UNCOMMON STRENGTH, THE BLACK KNIGHT SET TO SPLINTERING THE POSTERN WITH HIS AXE...
...AND WHEN THE POSTERN WAS BREACHED, ONLY THE MOAT CUT THEM OFF FROM THE CASTLE. BUT--
THEY HAVE DESTROYED THE BRIDGE TO KEEP US BACK--!
THEN WE SHALL USE THE STAKES OF THE BARRIERS TO MAKE A NEW BRIDGE -- WHICH WILL FLOAT US ACROSS!
AND WHILE SUCH WAS BEING DONE--
--THE DOOR TO REBECCA'S TOWER ROOM IN THE CASTLE'S EASTERN TURRET... BEGAN TO OPEN.
WHO IS IT--? WHO COMES NOW--?


WHO I AM MATTERS NOT. COME, GIRL, FOR THERE IS ANOTHER PRISONER--A YOUNG SAXON KNIGHT--WHO LIES WOUNDED AND REQUIRES YOUR AID.
AND, TOO, YOU MUST LEAVE THIS TURRET--BEFORE IT IS PUT TO THE USE FOR WHICH I HAVE PLANNED.

NOW, TRUE ENGLISH HEARTS--LAUNCH THE BRIDGE AND FOLLOW ME BOLDLY ACROSS!!


THRUST FORWARD, THE MAKESHIFT BRIDGE PASSED OVER WATER AND UNDER A THICK HAIL OF SHAFTS. THE BLACK KNIGHT AND CEDRIC BORE THE PERILOUS JOURNEY WELL--
--BUT ALL THOSE WHO ATTEMPTED TO FOLLOW WERE INSTANTLY SLAIN OR FORCED TO RETREAT.

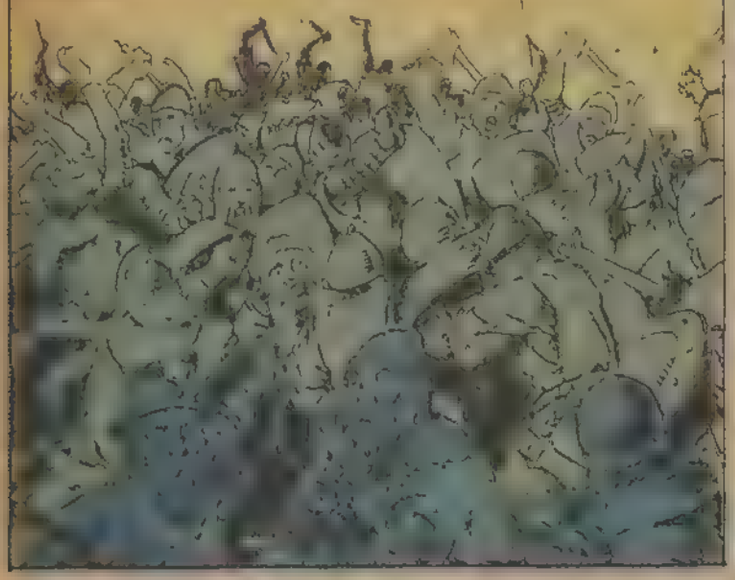
REACHING THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOAT, THE BLACK KNIGHT THUNDERED UPON THE CASTLE GATE...

...WHILE DIRECTLY ABOVE, MAURICE DE BRACY SOUGHT TO DISLODGE FROM THE BATTLEMENTS A LOOSE STONE--

--WHICH, IF PRIED INTO FALLING, WOULD CRUSH CEDRIC AND THE BLACK KNIGHT BELOW.
IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY WHICH WOULD FIRST GIVE WAY: CASTLE GATE OR BATTLEMENT STONE...

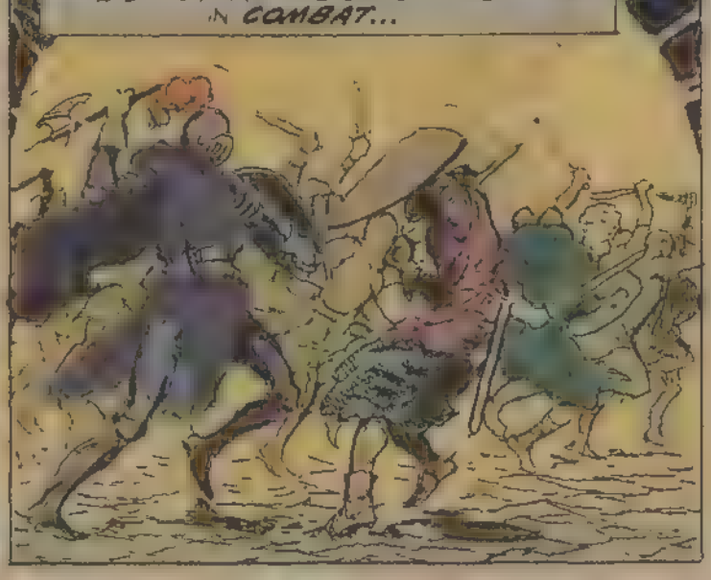
JUST THEN, FROM THE EASTERN TURRET OF THE CASTLE, A RED FLAG WAS RAISED TO FLUTTER DEFIANTLY IN THE WIND...
LOOK TO YONDER FLAG, YEOMEN! 'TIS THE APPOINTED SIGNAL OF WHICH CEDRIC SPOKE--ANNOUNCING THAT THE NORMANS ARE NOW BESIEGED FROM WITHIN AS WELL AS WITHOUT!
NOW, LADS--NOW IT IS OUR TURN TO PRESS THE ATTACK!!
AT THAT VERY SAME MOMENT, BRIAN DU BOIS-GUILBERT LEARNED THE NATURE OF THE NEW DANGER...
SMOKE!!
...AND IMMEDIATELY THE ALARMED TEMPLAR RACED DOWN THE BATTLEMENTS TO--
DE BRACY--ALL IS LOST! SOMEONE HAS SET FIRE TO THE CASTLE!!
WHAT--?! ARE YOU MAD TO SAY SUCH A THING?!
NAY--THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE CASTLE IS FULLY ENGULFED IN FLAMES!
THEN WHAT IS TO BE DONE, BOIS GUILBERT--?
LEAD THE MEN DOWN TO THE GATE BEFORE THEY ARE CONSUMED BY THE FIRE, DE BRACY. DEFEND YOURSELVES UNTIL THE SAXONS GRANT YOU FAIR QUARTER.
I MUST GO TO SEEK MY OWN DESTINY...
AND SO DE BRACY WAS FORCED BY THE FIRE TO ABANDON HIS DEADLY TASK--

--LEADING HIS DESPERATE MEN DOWN TO THE *FRONT GATE* EVEN AS IT FINALLY *SHATTERED OPEN* UNDER THE FORCE OF THE BLACK KNIGHT'S *AXE*...



THEN, AS CEDRIC FOUGHT HIS WAY *DEEPER* INTO THE CASTLE, SEEKING TO REACH THE *PRISONERS*--

--DE BRACY AND THE BLACK KNIGHT MET IN *COMBAT*...



...DEALING EACH OTHER *FURIOUS* BLOWS, UNTIL--

YIELD TO ME, DE BRACY--IF YOU VALUE YOUR *LIFE*!

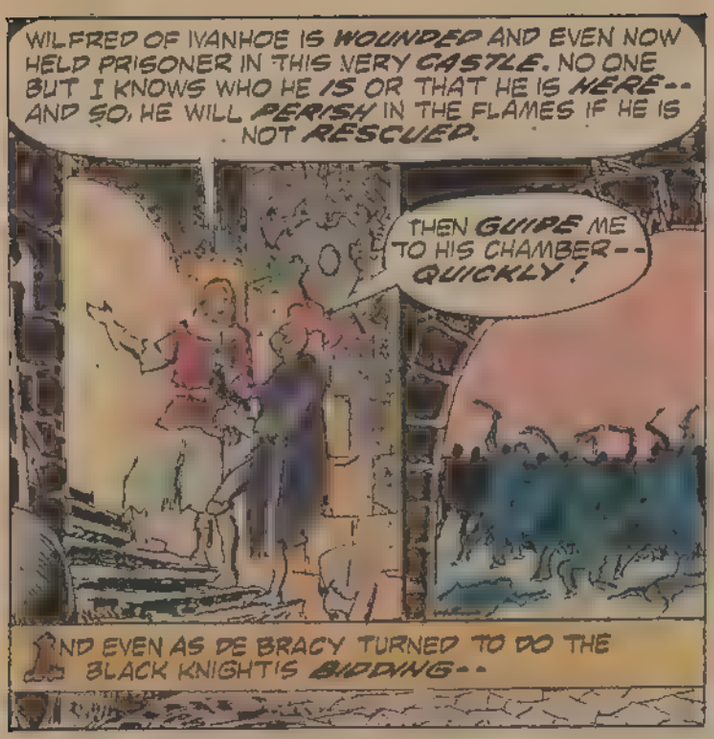
NAY, BLACK KNIGHT--I WILL NOT YIELD TO AN *UNKNOWN CONQUEROR*!

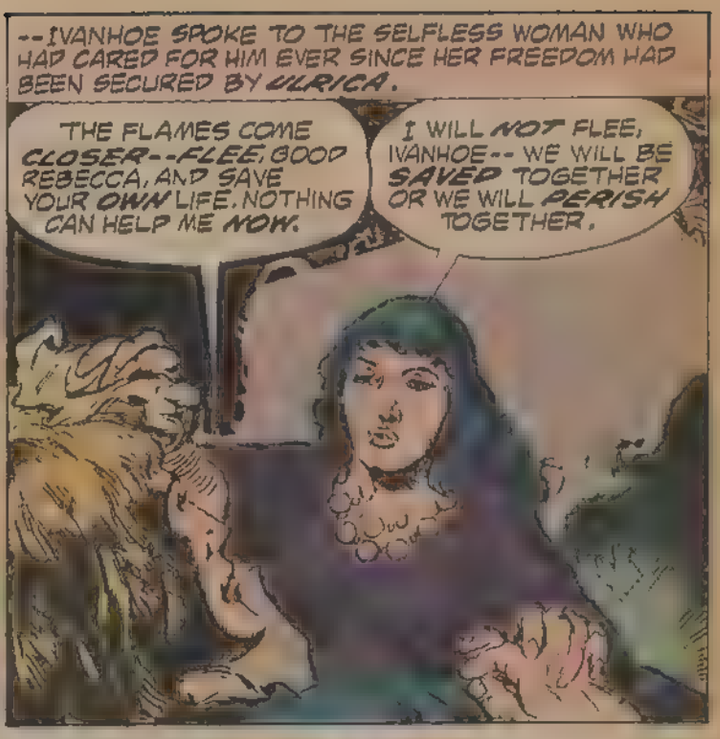
THE BLACK KNIGHT LOWERED HIS HEAD CLOSER TO DE BRACY'S *EAR*, AND SOFTLY WHISPERED HIS TRUE *NAME*...

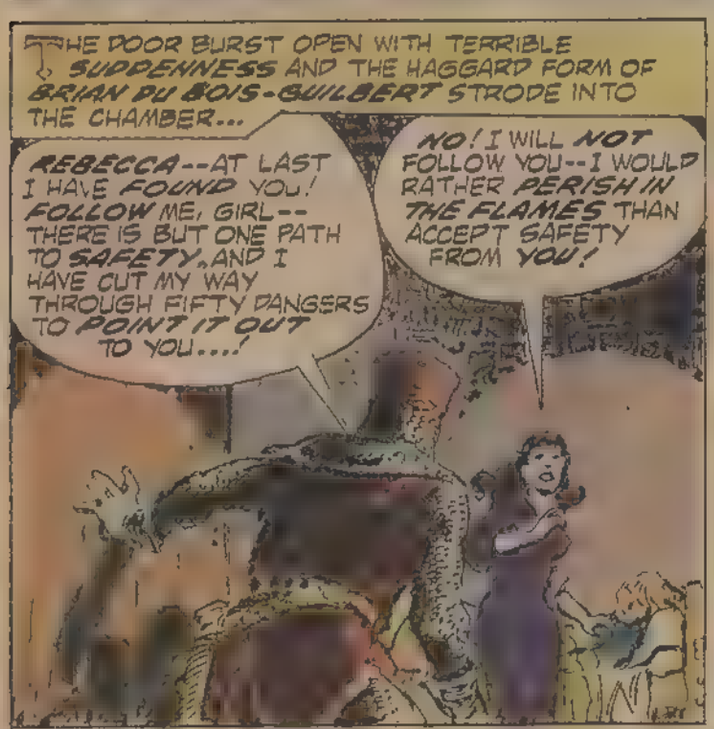
YOU--?! CAN IT REALLY BE *YOU*--?!

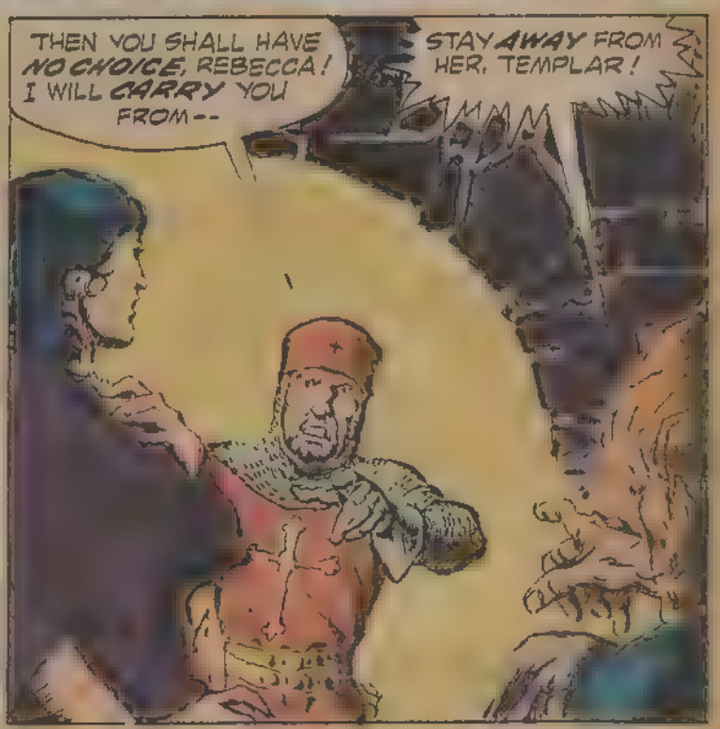
IT *IS*, DE BRACY. NOW WILL YOU *YIELD* TO ME--AND TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW CONCERNING THE KNIGHT OF *IVANHOE*--?

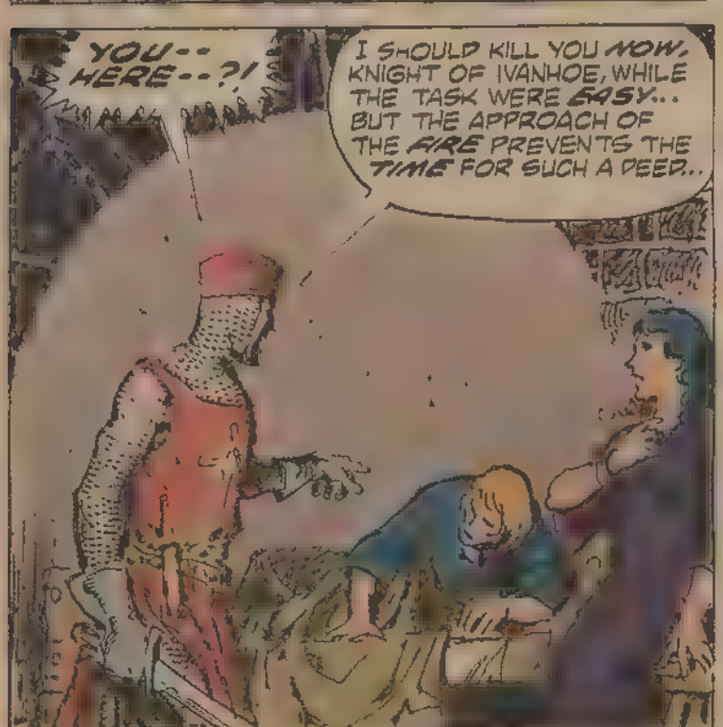
IF YOU ARE WHOM YOU SAY, I *WILLINGLY* YIELD AS YOUR PRISONER--AND WILL *SPEAK* WHAT I KNOW...

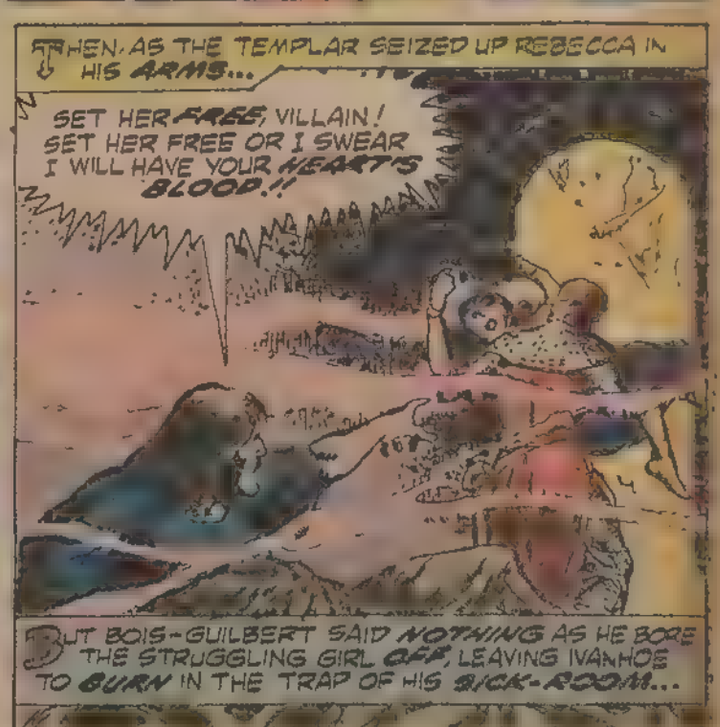

WILFRED OF IVANHOE IS WOUNDED AND EVEN NOW HELD PRISONER IN THIS VERY CASTLE. NO ONE BUT I KNOWS WHO HE IS OR THAT HE IS HERE-- AND SO, HE WILL PERISH IN THE FLAMES IF HE IS NOT RESCUED.
THEN GUIDE ME TO HIS CHAMBER-- QUICKLY!
AND EVEN AS DE BRACY TURNED TO DO THE BLACK KNIGHT'S BIDDING--


--IVANHOE SPOKE TO THE SELFLESS WOMAN WHO HAD CARED FOR HIM EVER SINCE HER FREEDOM HAD BEEN SECURED BY ULRICA.
THE FLAMES COME CLOSER--FLEE, GOOD REBECCA, AND SAVE YOUR OWN LIFE. NOTHING CAN HELP ME NOW.
I WILL NOT FLEE, IVANHOE-- WE WILL BE SAVED TOGETHER OR WE WILL PERISH TOGETHER.


THE DOOR BURST OPEN WITH TERRIBLE SUDDENNESS AND THE HAGGARD FORM OF BRIAN DU BOIS-GUILBERT STRODE INTO THE CHAMBER...
REBECCA--AT LAST I HAVE FOUND YOU! FOLLOW ME, GIRL-- THERE IS BUT ONE PATH TO SAFETY, AND I HAVE CUT MY WAY THROUGH FIFTY DANGERS TO POINT IT OUT TO YOU....!
NO! I WILL NOT FOLLOW YOU--I WOULD RATHER PERISH IN THE FLAMES THAN ACCEPT SAFETY FROM YOU!


THEN YOU SHALL HAVE NO CHOICE, REBECCA! I WILL CARRY YOU FROM--
STAY AWAY FROM HER, TEMPLAR!


YOU-- HERE--?!
I SHOULD KILL YOU NOW, KNIGHT OF IVANHOE, WHILE THE TASK WERE EASY... BUT THE APPROACH OF THE FIRE PREVENTS THE TIME FOR SUCH A DEED..


THEN, AS THE TEMPLAR SEIZED UP REBECCA IN HIS ARMS...
SET HER FREE, VILLAIN! SET HER FREE OR I SWEAR I WILL HAVE YOUR HEART'S BLOOD!!
BUT BOIS-GUILBERT SAID NOTHING AS HE BORE THE STRUGGLING GIRL OFF, LEAVING IVANHOE TO BURN IN THE TRAP OF HIS SICK-ROOM...

BUT MERE MOMENTS LATER, SCARCELY AFTER BOIS-GUILBERT HAD VANISHED WITH REBECCA--

THERE LIES IVANHOE.

--DE BRACY LED THE BLACK KNIGHT TO THE WOUNDED YOUTH'S AID...

NO--! IF YOU ARE A TRUE KNIGHT, YOU WILL THINK NOT OF ME--BUT SAVE REBECCA INSTEAD!

PURSUE YON RAVISHER--SAVE LADY ROWENA--LOOK TO NOBLE CEDRIC!!

IN THEIR TURN, KNIGHT OF IVANHOE--BUT YOURS IS FIRST.

NOOOO...

MEANWHILE, CEDRIC SUCCEEDED IN RESCUING ROWENA, ATHELSTANE, WAMBA, ISAAC, AND OTHERS...

THIS WAY--QUICKLY!

...BUT DESPITE THE EFFORTS OF ROBIN HOOD'S STAUNCH ARCHERS, BOIS-GUILBERT MANAGED TO ESCAPE.

AND NOT A LITTLE OF HIS SUCCESS OWED TO THE FACT THAT THE ARCHERS HELD THEIR ARROWS ONCE THEY HAD SEEN REBECCA FORCED DOWN OVER THE SADDLE OF THE TEMPLAR'S STEED.

THE FIRE HAD SWEPT THROUGHOUT MOST OF THE CASTLE WHEN ULRICA--SHE WHO HAD GIVEN BIRTH TO THE FLAMES--APPEARED ATOP ONE OF THE TURRETS, SHOUTING A WILD SAXON SONG TO THE HEAVENS...

STRONG BE YOUR SWORDS WHILE YOUR BLOOD IS WARM, AND SPARE NEITHER FOR PITY NOR FEAR, FOR VENGEANCE HATH BUT AN HOUR; STRONG HATE ITSELF SHALL EXPIRE! I ALSO MUST PERISH!

THE TOWERING FLAMES HAD NOW *SURMOUNTED* EVERY OBSTRUCTION THE CASTLE COULD *OFFER*...

...AND *ROSE* TO THE EVENING SKIES AS ONE HUGE AND BRIGHTLY BURNING *BEACON*, SEEN FAR AND WIDE THROUGHOUT THE ADJACENT COUNTRY...

TOWER AFTER *TOWER* CRASHED DOWN WITH BLAZING ROOF AND *RAFTER*, DRIVING THE COMBATANTS FROM THE *COURTYARD*--WHERE THE VANQUISHED SCATTERED AND *VANISHED* INTO THE WOODS...

THE MANIAC FIGURE OF THE SAXON *ULRICA* WAS FOR A LONG TIME VISIBLE ON THE LOFTY STAND SHE HAD *CHOSEN* TOSSING HER ARMS ABROAD WITH *WILD EXULTATION*...AS IF THE *REIGNING EMPRESS* OF THE CONFLAGRATION SHE HAD *RAISED*.

THEN, AT LENGTH AND WITH A TERRIFIC *CRASH*, THE ENTIRE *TURRET* GAVE WAY--

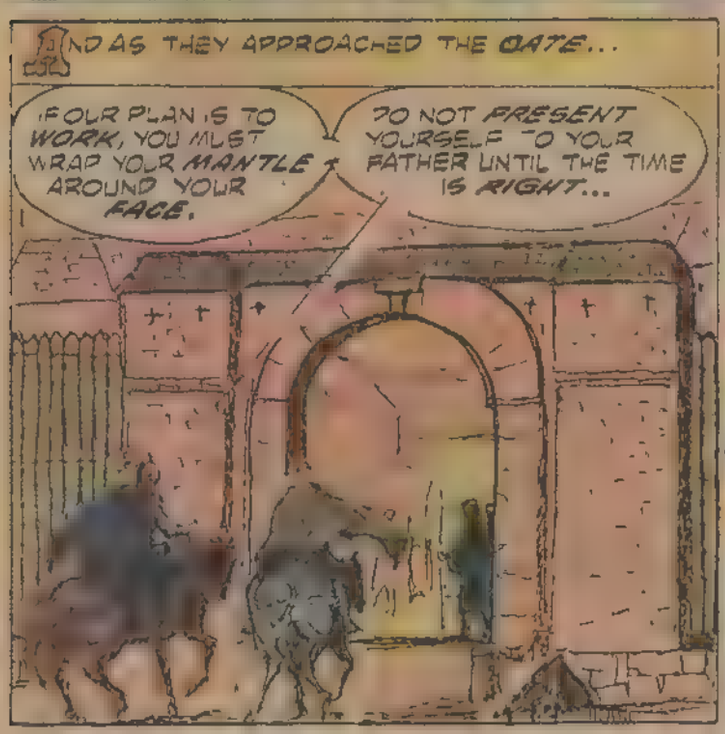
...AND SHE PERISHED IN THE FLAMES WHICH HAD CONSUMED HER *TYRANTS*...

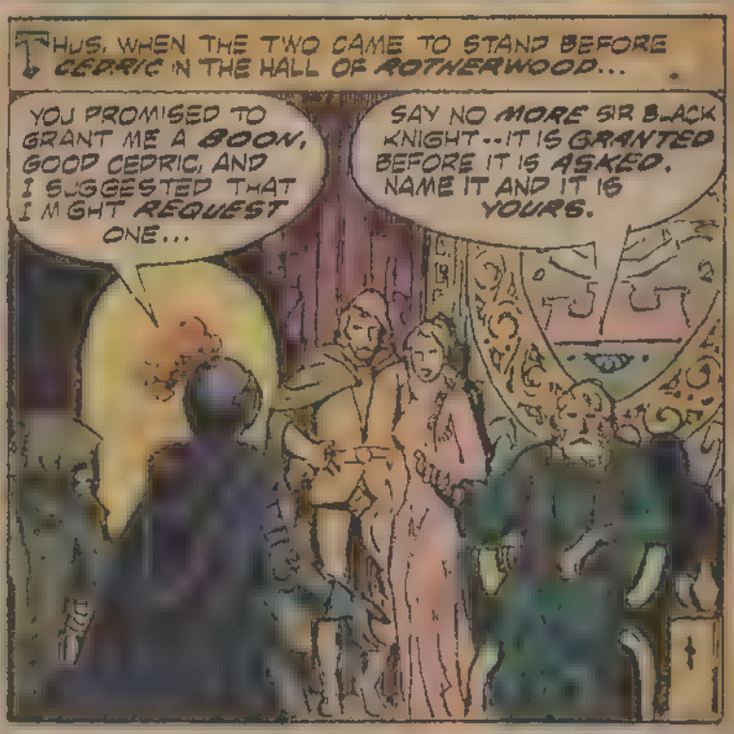
...LEAVING NOTHING BUT AN AWFUL PAUSE OF SILENT *HORROR* AMONG THE ARMED BUT HELPLESS *SPECTATORS*.

IN THE MORNING OF THE AFTERMATH, SHORTLY AFTER IVANHOE WAS TAKEN TO A PRIORY FOR FURTHER RECOVERY, AND WITHOUT THE KNOWLEDGE OF HIS FATHER CEDRIC...
MY THANKS, ROBERT OF LOCKSLEY, TO YOU AND YOUR BOLD MEN FOR THE LIFE AND HONOR YOU HAVE SAVED.
NAY, GOOD CEDRIC! WE DID BUT HALF THE WORK.
AND HALF WAS MORE THAN ENOUGH TO EARN OUR ETERNAL GRATITUDE, GOOD ROBIN HOOD. IF EVER THE NORMANS SHOULD DRIVE YOU FROM THESE WOODS, REMEMBER THAT I HAVE WOODS OF MY OWN IN WHICH YOU MAY RANGE FOREVER IN FREEDOM.
AND NOW YOU HAVE EARNED MY GRATITUDE, GENTLE LADY ROWENA.
CEDRIC THEN APPROACHED THE MYSTERIOUS BLACK KNIGHT...
WE LEAVE FOR OUR HOME AT ROTHERWOOD NOW, SIR BLACK KNIGHT...
BUT IN RETURN FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE, ALL I HAVE IS YOURS. NAME WHATEVER BOON YOU WISH.
PERHAPS I WILL PUT YOUR GENEROSITY TO THE TEST, CEDRIC, BY SOON COMING TO ASK SUCH A BOON. BUT IN THE MEANTIME... FAREWELL.
AND AS CEDRIC'S PARTY AND THE BLACK KNIGHT DEPARTED ON THEIR SEPARATE WAYS, LOCKSLEY TOOK NOTE OF THE SORROW WHICH LAY HEAVILY ON ISAAC OF YORK...
METHINKS YOUR DAUGHTER WAS ABDUCTED TO THE TEMPLAR'S CASTLE CALLED TEMPLESTOWE.
WOULD THAT I COULD HELP YOU, BUT THE TEMPLARS NUMBER TOO MANY FOR MY SMALL BAND...
HOWEVER, I CAN SPARE YOU GUIDES WHO WILL LEAD YOU TO TEMPLESTOWE --AND PERHAPS THERE YOU CAN PLEAD FOR THE SAFE DELIVERY OF YOUR DAUGHTER REBECCA.
FOR THAT MUCH, I THANK THEE, ROBERT OF LOCKSLEY...
I CAN ONLY ACCEPT YOUR OFFER.
THE BLACK KNIGHT VENTURED TO THE PRIORY WHERE HE HAD EARLIER TAKEN THE WOUNDED IVANHOE. BUT INSTEAD OF A MAN ON HIS SICKBED, HE FOUND--
IVANHOE--WOULD YOU SPEED YOUR OWN DEATH BY TAKING TO HORSE--?!

I KNOW YOU WISH TO SEE YOUR SAXON KINDRED--AND THE LADY ROWENA--BUT YOU SHOULD NOT TRAVEL UNTIL YOUR WOUND IS HEALED.
IT IS HEALED ENOUGH--AND I FEEL MYSELF WELL ABLE TO ENDURE THE JOURNEY.

TRUE TO HIS WORD WILFRED OF IVANHOE COMPLETED THE JOURNEY TO ROTHERWOOD WITHOUT MISHAP...


AND AS THEY APPROACHED THE GATE...
IF OUR PLAN IS TO WORK, YOU MUST WRAP YOUR MANTLE AROUND YOUR FACE.
DO NOT PRESENT YOURSELF TO YOUR FATHER UNTIL THE TIME IS RIGHT...


THUS, WHEN THE TWO CAME TO STAND BEFORE CEDRIC IN THE HALL OF ROTHERWOOD...
YOU PROMISED TO GRANT ME A BOON, GOOD CEDRIC, AND I SUGGESTED THAT I MIGHT REQUEST ONE...
SAY NO MORE SIR BLACK KNIGHT--IT IS GRANTED BEFORE IT IS ASKED. NAME IT AND IT IS YOURS.

FIRST, I WOULD TELL YOU WHO I AM.
THUS FAR, YOU HAVE KNOWN ME ONLY AS THE BLACK KNIGHT. KNOW ME NOW AS--

--RICHARD, KING OF ENGLAND... RETURNED IN SECRECY FROM THE CRUSADES.
WHAT--?!!

IT IS TRUE! THOU ART RICHARD HIMSELF--!
BUT... BUT WHAT BOON COULD THE KING OF ENGLAND POSSIBLY ASK OF ME--?
JUST ONE, CEDRIC. I REQUIRE OF YOU, AS A MAN OF YOUR WORD, TO FORGIVE THE GOOD KNIGHT WHO HAS SERVED HIS KING WELL IN THE CRUSADES...
...YOUR SON-- WILFRED OF IVANHOE.
MY FATHER--AS YOUR LOYAL SON I IMPLORE YOU TO FORGET THE PAST.
GRANT ME YOUR FORGIVENESS!
YOU.
YOU HAVE IT, MY SON--YOU HAVE MY FORGIVENESS NOW AND FOREVER MORE!

THEN, IN THE QUIET MOMENT OF HAPPINESS AND REUNION WHICH FOLLOWED, ATHELSTANE OF CONINGSBURGH STEPPED FORWARD...

CEDRIC, I HAVE LONG KNOWN THAT THE FAIR LADY ROWENA CARES NOT FOR ME--NOT TRULY...

SHE LOVES THE KNIGHT OF IVANHOE--YOUR SON WILFRED...

THUS, I RENOUNCE MY CLAIM OF MARRIAGE TO HER--

--IN FAVOR OF IVANHOE.

THERE WAS NOTHING MORE TO BE SAID FOR A TIME... BUT WHILE THE SILENCE OF JOY REIGNED WITHIN THE HALLS OF ROTHERWOOD--

--THE CASTLE OF TEMPLESTOWE WAS MEANWHILE A SCENE OF GLOOMY AND BITTER WORDS...AS ISAAC MET THE GRAND MASTER OF THE TEMPLARS.

I AM ISAAC OF YORK, A MERCHANT. I COME SEEKING THE TEMPLAR BRIAN DU BOIS-GUILBERT.

WHAT IS THY BUSINESS WITH BROTHER BOIS-GUILBERT?

MY DAUGHTER REBECCA IS BEING HELD HERE AS HIS PRISONER. I SEEK HER SAFE RELEASE FROM--

WHAT?! A WOMAN--HERE AT TEMPLESTOWE--?!

THROW THIS DOG OF A JEW OUT.!!

IF HE RETURNS--SLAY HIM!!

AND WHILE ISAAC WAS BEING FORCIBLY TURNED AWAY FROM THE CASTLE, THE GRAND MASTER SENT FOR THE PRESIDENT OF TEMPLESTOWE...

WHY HAVE YOU ALLOWED BROTHER BOIS-GUILBERT TO BRING A WOMAN INTO THIS HOLY PLACE--? AND A JEWESS, AT THAT!

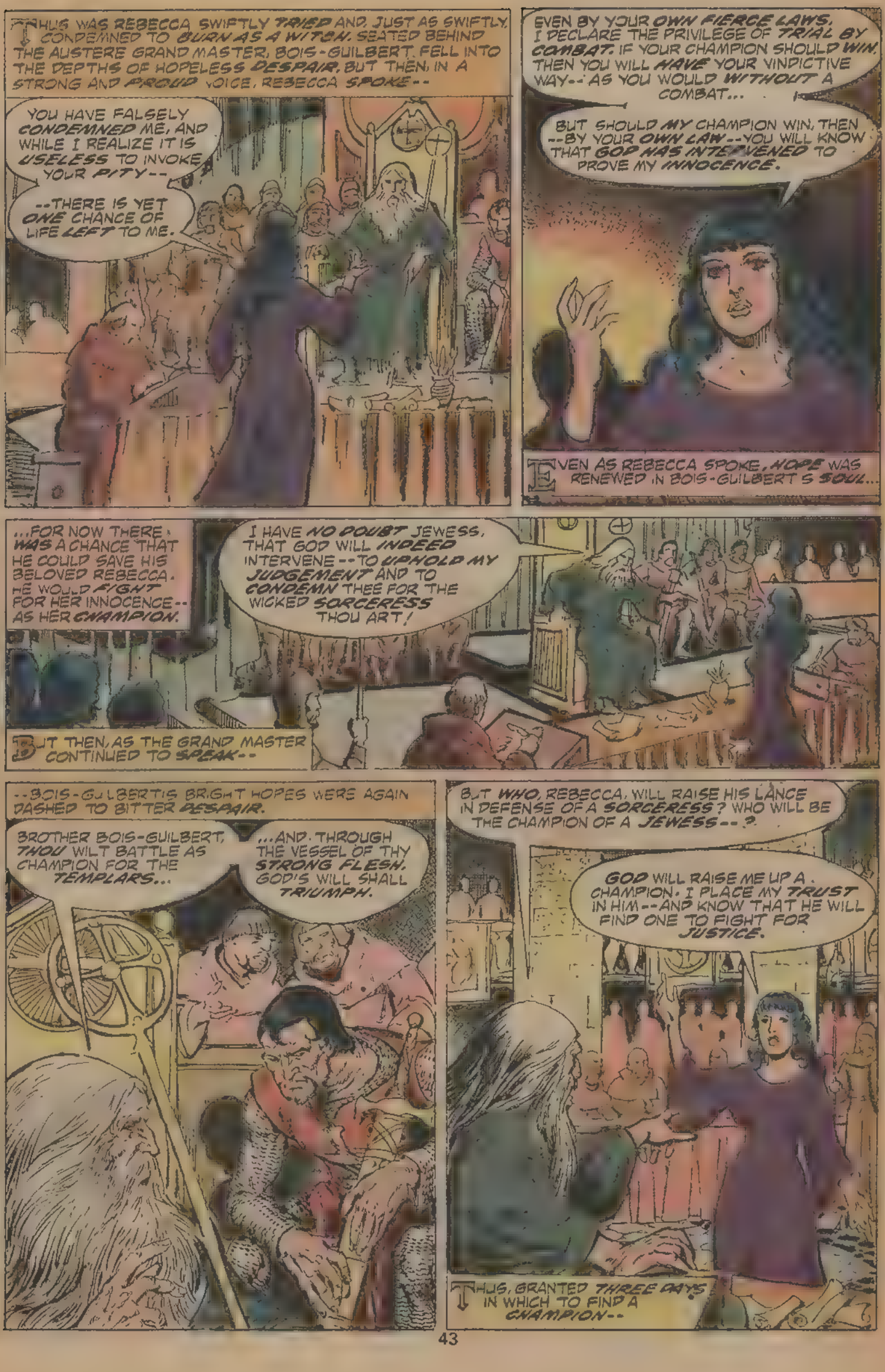
FORGIVE ME, GRAND MASTER, BUT I... I...

REALIZING THAT HE AND BOIS-GUILBERT BOTH WOULD BE RUINED AND EXPELLED FROM THE ORDER OF THE TEMPLARS IF HE COULD NOT EXPLAIN HIS ACTIONS--

--THE PRESIDENT CONCEIVED A LIE.

IF I HAVE SINNED IN RECEIVING HER HERE, IT WAS IN THE ERRING BELIEF THAT I MIGHT THUS BREAK OFF BROTHER BOIS-GUILBERT'S WILD AND UNNATURAL DEVOTION TO HER--

YOU SEE, GRAND MASTER, I BELIEVE THIS WOMAN REBECCA IS A SORCERESS--WHO, WITH HER ENCHANTMENTS, HAS BEWITCHED OUR BROTHER BOIS-GUILBERT.
A SORCERESS! THEN THE WITCH MUST BE JUDGED AND CONDEMNED!!
PREPARE THE CASTLE HALL FOR THE TRIAL-- AT ONCE!!
THE PRESIDENT WOULD DO SO OF COURSE BUT FIRST HE HURRIED AWAY IN SEARCH OF BOIS-GUILBERT...
...FINDING HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE HE SOUGHT-- EMERGING FROM THE CAPTIVE REBECCA'S ROOM...
IT IS HOPELESS! I SAVED HER LIFE! I WAS THE BUTT OF A HUNDRED ARROWS AND I USED MY SHIELD ONLY TO PROTECT HER!
AND NOW SHE UPBRAIDS ME! SHE REWARDS ME FOR SAVING HER LIFE BY WISHING THAT I HAD LEFT HER THERE TO PERISH!
I AM BEGINNING TO BELIEVE THAT I UNKNOWINGLY SPOKE THE TRUTH BOIS-GUILBERT--
--WHEN I TOLD THE GRAND MASTER THAT THIS REBECCA HAS CAST A SPELL OVER YOU.
YOU HAVE TOLD THE MASTER THAT SHE IS HERE--?!
I ADMITTED IT-- BUT HE ALREADY KNEW. STILL, YOU WILL BE SAFE IF YOU RENOUNCE REBECCA...
...FOR THE GRAND MASTER NOW BELIEVES SHE IS A SORCERESS, AND THAT SHE MUST SUFFER AS SUCH..
NO! SHE SHALL NOT SUFFER!
SHE MUST AND WILL-- OR BOTH OUR CAREERS ARE DESTROYED! HEAR ME, BOIS-GUILBERT--NEITHER YOU NOR ANYONE ELSE CAN SAVE HER NOW.
I GO NOW TO PREPARE THE HALL FOR THE JUDGEMENT-SEAT.


THUS WAS REBECCA SWIFTLY TRIED AND, JUST AS SWIFTLY, CONDEMNED TO BURN AS A WITCH. SEATED BEHIND THE AUSTERE GRAND MASTER, BOIS-GUILBERT FELL INTO THE DEPTHS OF HOPELESS DESPAIR. BUT THEN, IN A STRONG AND PROUD VOICE, REBECCA SPOKE--
YOU HAVE FALSELY CONDEMNED ME, AND WHILE I REALIZE IT IS USELESS TO INVOKE YOUR PITY--
--THERE IS YET ONE CHANCE OF LIFE LEFT TO ME.
EVEN BY YOUR OWN FIERCE LAWS, I DECLARE THE PRIVILEGE OF TRIAL BY COMBAT. IF YOUR CHAMPION SHOULD WIN, THEN YOU WILL HAVE YOUR VINDICTIVE WAY--AS YOU WOULD WITHOUT A COMBAT...
BUT SHOULD MY CHAMPION WIN, THEN --BY YOUR OWN LAW--YOU WILL KNOW THAT GOD HAS INTERVENED TO PROVE MY INNOCENCE.
EVEN AS REBECCA SPOKE, HOPE WAS RENEWED IN BOIS-GUILBERT'S SOUL...
...FOR NOW THERE WAS A CHANCE THAT HE COULD SAVE HIS BELOVED REBECCA. HE WOULD FIGHT FOR HER INNOCENCE--AS HER CHAMPION.
I HAVE NO DOUBT JEWESS, THAT GOD WILL INDEED INTERVENE--TO UPHOLD MY JUDGEMENT AND TO CONDEMN THEE FOR THE WICKED SORCERESS THOU ART!
BUT THEN, AS THE GRAND MASTER CONTINUED TO SPEAK--
--BOIS-GUILBERT'S BRIGHT HOPES WERE AGAIN DASHED TO BITTER DESPAIR.
BROTHER BOIS-GUILBERT, THOU WILT BATTLE AS CHAMPION FOR THE TEMPLARS...
...AND, THROUGH THE VESSEL OF THY STRONG FLESH, GOD'S WILL SHALL TRIUMPH.
BUT WHO, REBECCA, WILL RAISE HIS LANCE IN DEFENSE OF A SORCERESS? WHO WILL BE THE CHAMPION OF A JEWESS--?
GOD WILL RAISE ME UP A CHAMPION. I PLACE MY TRUST IN HIM--AND KNOW THAT HE WILL FIND ONE TO FIGHT FOR JUSTICE.
THUS, GRANTED THREE DAYS IN WHICH TO FIND A CHAMPION--

--REBECCA DISPATCHED A *MESSAGE* TO HER FATHER *ISAAC*...

IN ALL OF *ENGLAND*, THERE IS BUT *ONE* WHO MIGHT BEAR ARMS AGAINST THE TEMPLAR *BOIS-GUILBERT* IN REBECCA'S BEHALF.

I MUST SEEK HIM OUT *AT ONCE*-- AND *IMPOSE* UPON HIM IN THIS *DIRE MISSION*...

BUT ON THE *FOURTH DAY*, WHEN THE *TRIAL BY COMBAT* WAS TO OCCUR, REBECCA SAT *ALONE*... NEAR THE STAKE WHICH HAD BEEN PREPARED TO SUPPORT HER *BURNING FLESH*...

RELUCTANTLY ATTIRED IN HIS *BATTLE DRESS* BOIS-GUILBERT SUFFERED AT THE SIDE OF THE *GRAND MASTER*...

HERE STANDETH THE NOBLE KNIGHT *BRIAN DE BOIS-GUILBERT*--READY TO DO BATTLE WITH ANY CHAMPION WHO WILL DEFEND THE JEWESS *REBECCA!*

BUT AFTER THE TRUMPETS WERE *SOUNDED*...

...*NO ONE* CAME FORTH TO FACE THE Ttemplar CHAMPION.

WE SHALL WAIT UNTIL THE SHADOWS BE CAST FROM THE *WEST* TO THE *EASTWARD!*

IF, BY THEN, NO CHAMPION *APPEARS*-- THE WITCH *REBECCA* SHALL BE *BURNED!*

IN DESPERATION, BOIS-GUILBERT TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE WAIT, RIDING PAST REBECCA TO GIVE HIS *FINAL PLEA*...

MOUNT MY STEED *BEHIND* ME, REBECCA--AND WE WILL *FLEE* THIS PLACE...!

BEGONE, TEMPTER! I WILL NOT FLEE BEFORE GOD DELIVERS MY *CHAMPION!*

BUT NONE BELIEVED SUCH A CHAMPION WOULD *APPEAR* FOR THE CONDEMNED WOMAN..

...NT AT THAT MOMENT WHEN HIS SHADOW FELL FROM WEST TO *EAST*, A HERALD EXCLAIMED--

A *KNIGHT* APPROACHES-- *A CHAMPION!!*

BUT IF THE APPROACHING KNIGHT WERE *INDEED* A CHAMPION, HE APPEARED TO BE A *POOR* ONE AT BEST. THE HORSE *REELED* FROM FATIGUE..

...AND THE RIDER HIMSELF, EITHER FROM *WEAKNESS* OR *WEARINESS*, SCARCELY SEEMED ABLE TO *SUPPORT* HIMSELF IN THE *SADDLE*...

EVEN SO, THE KNIGHT HALTED BEFORE THE *GRAND MASTER* AND REMOVED HIS *HELMET*..

I AM *WILFRED OF IVANHOE*--HE WHOSE LIFE WAS *SUSTAINED* BY THE KINDNESS AND GENTLE MINISTRATIONS OF THE ACCUSED *REBECCA*.

I AM COME HITHER TO MEET WITH *LANCE* AND *SWORD* IN THE JUST QUARREL OF REBECCA--

--AGAINST *SIR BRIAN DE BOIS-GUILBERT*-- A *TRAITOR*, *MURDERER* AND A *LIAR*.

NAY, IVANHOE! DEFAME ME WITH WHATEVER NAMES YOU *WILL*, BUT I WILL *NOT* FIGHT YOU AT *PRESENT*! GET THY *WOUNDS HEALED* --AND GET THEE A *BETTER MOUNT*!

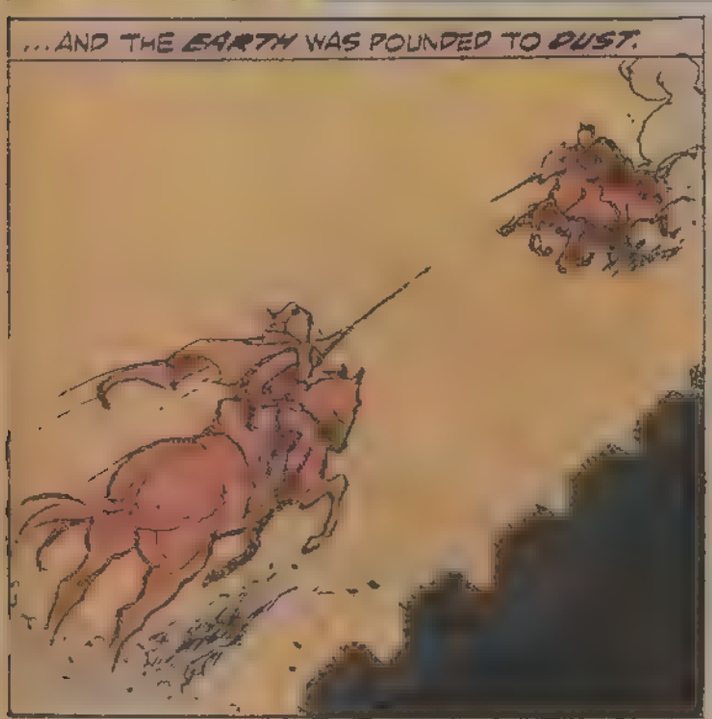
WELL *SAID*, PROUD TEMPLAR, BUT YOUR *RUSE* WILL AVAIL YOU *NAUGHT*! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT YOU HAVE NOW *TWICE* FALLEN BEFORE THIS LANCE--?

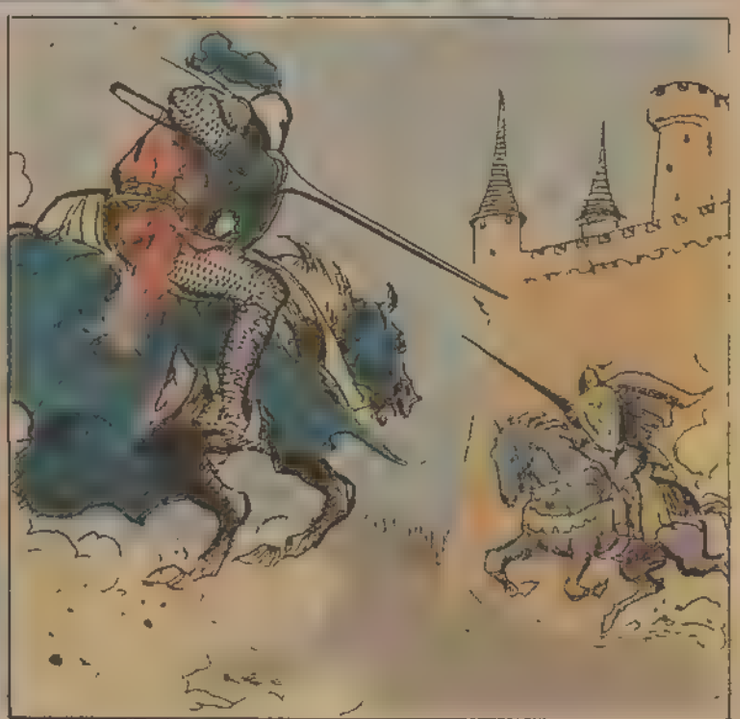
AND HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOUR PROUD *BOAST* IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE--OR THE *PLEDGE* MADE BY THE "PALMER" IN MY *BEHALF*--?

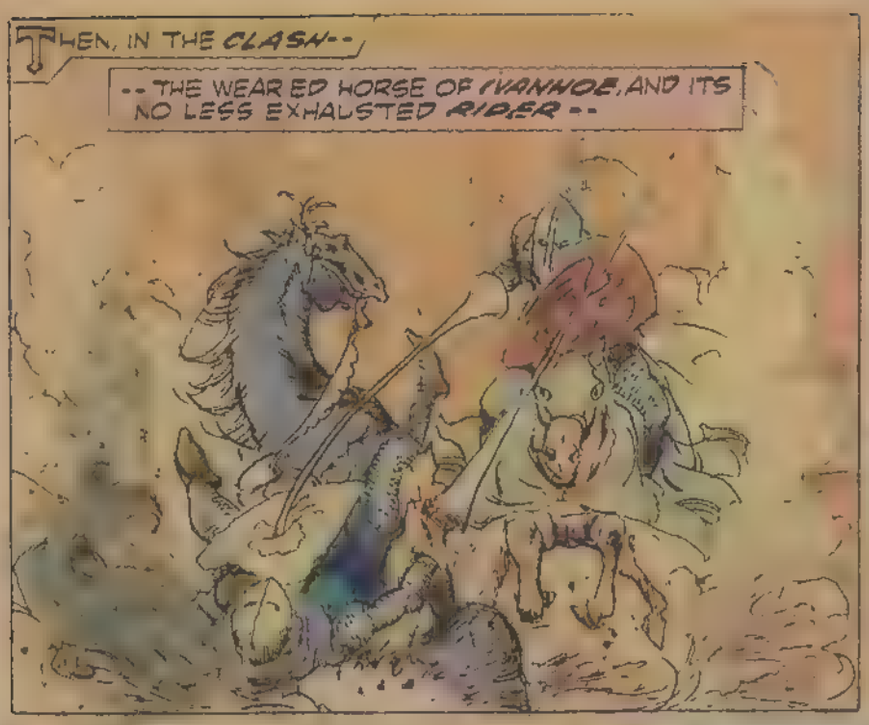
OR HAVE YOU SIMPLY RECONSIDERED YOUR BOAST--AND FOUND YOURSELF LACKING IN COURAGE...?
SAXON DOG!! PREPARE TO DIE!!

THE TWO KNIGHTS ASSUMED THEIR PLACES IN THE LISTS...

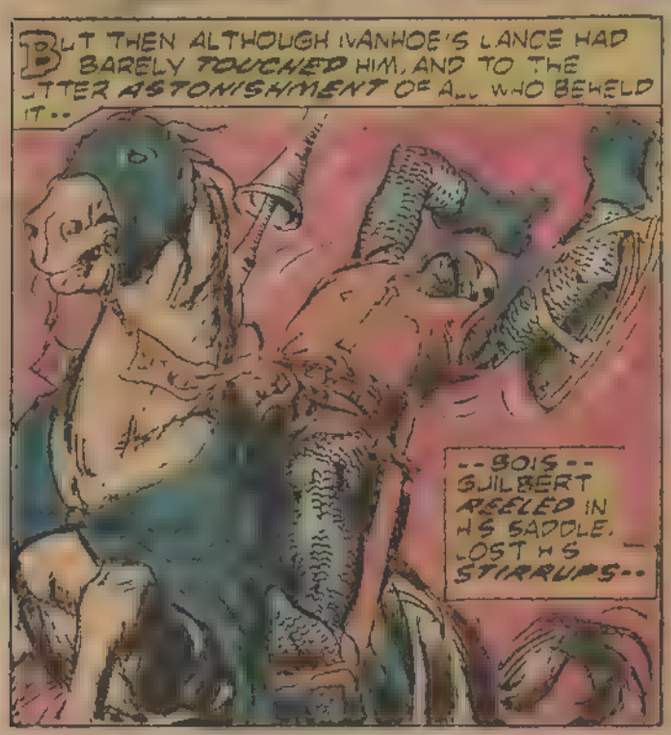
...THE HORNS WERE SOUNDED...

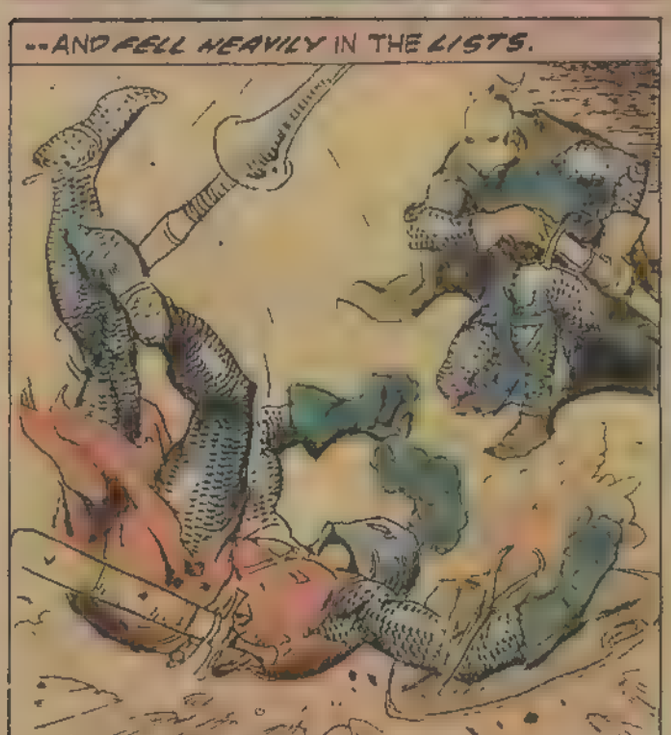

...AND THE EARTH WAS POUNDED TO DUST.



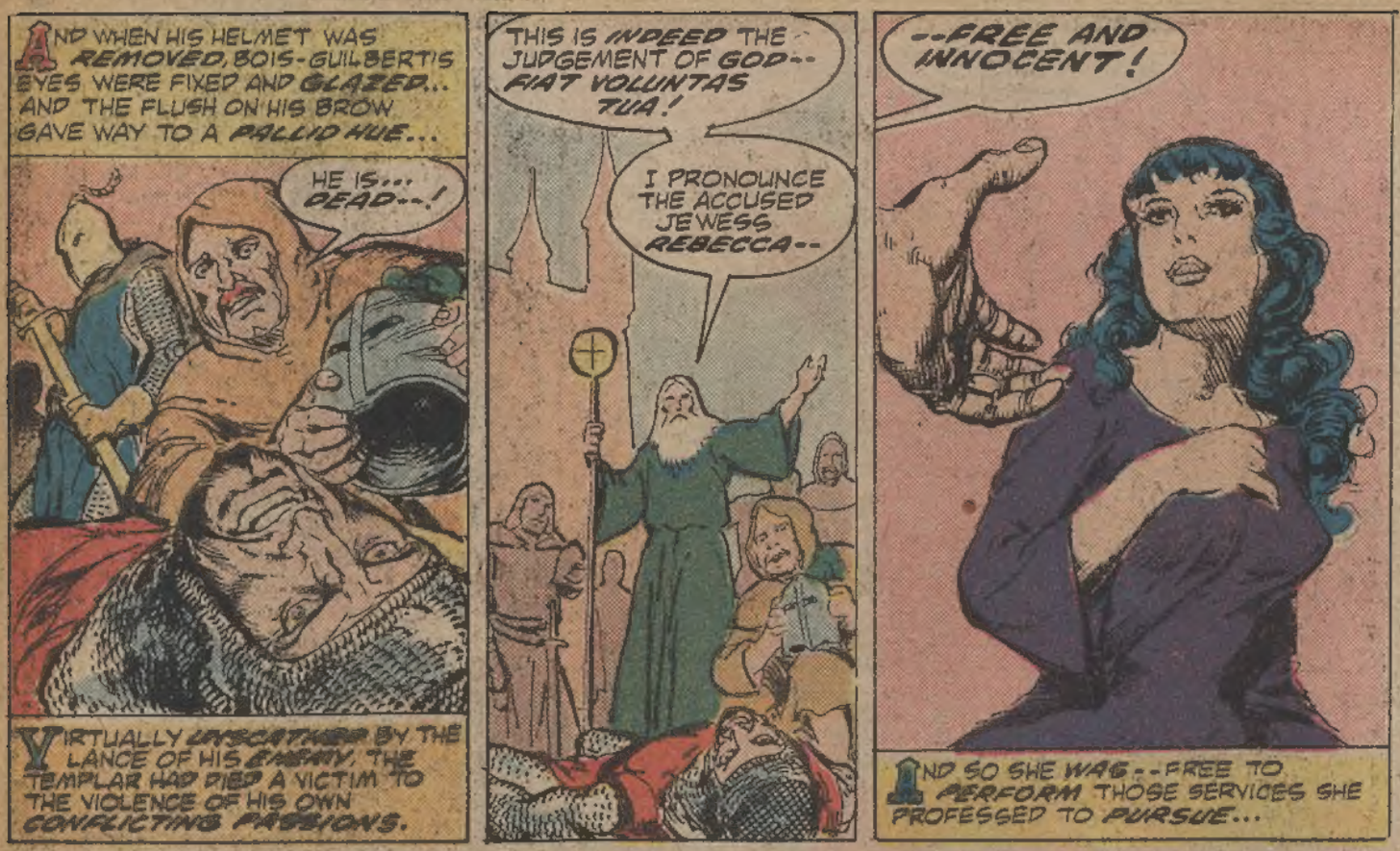

THEN, IN THE CLASH--
--THE WEARIED HORSE OF IVANHOE, AND ITS NO LESS EXHAUSTED RIDER--

--WENT DOWN.


BUT THEN ALTHOUGH IVANHOE'S LANCE HAD BARELY TOUCHED HIM, AND TO THE UTTER ASTONISHMENT OF ALL WHO BEHELD IT--
--BOIS-GUILBERT REELED IN HIS SADDLE, LOST HIS STIRRUPS--


--AND FELL HEAVILY IN THE LISTS.

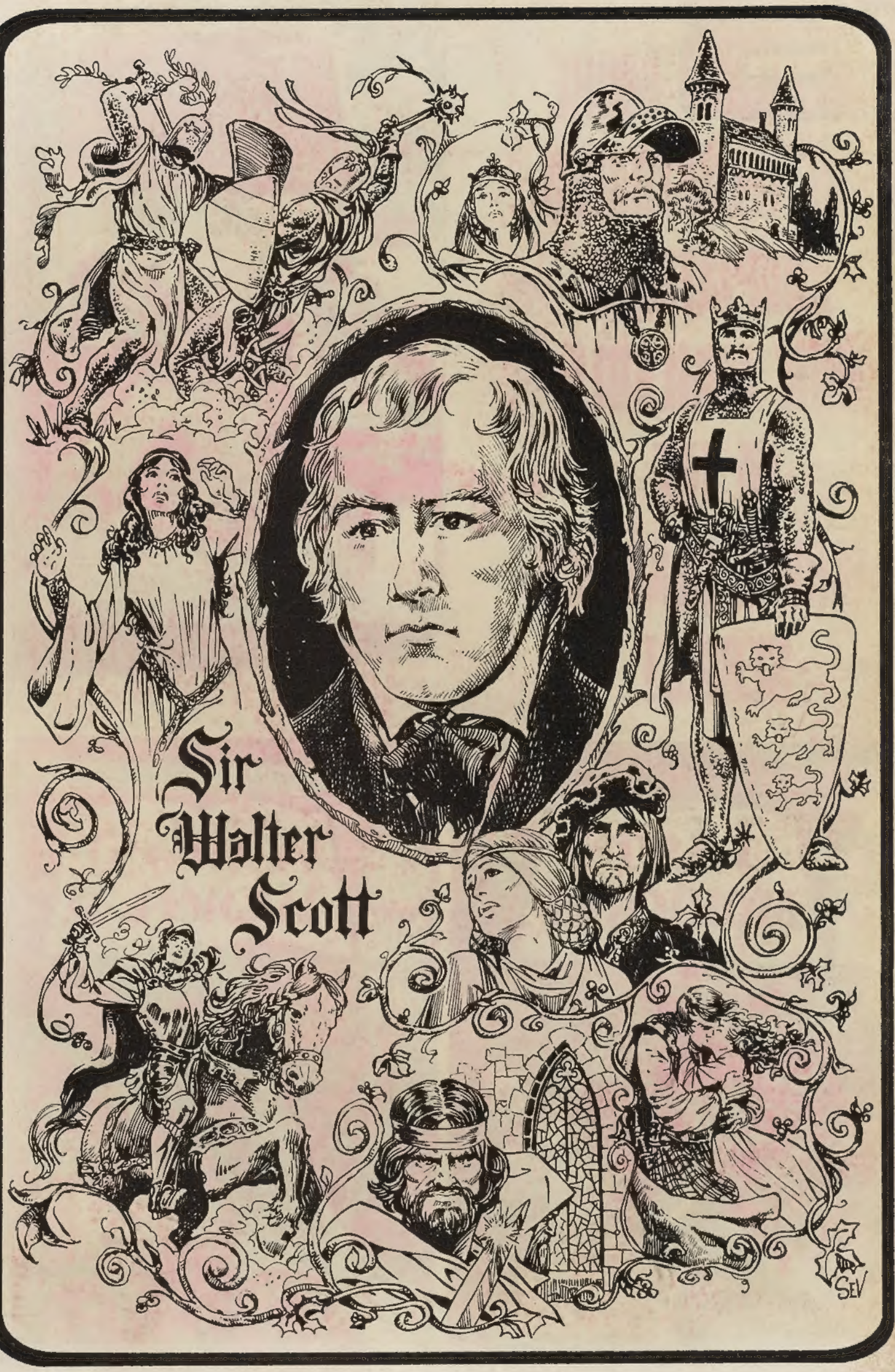
YIELD, BOIS-GUILBERT-- OR DIE!
BUT THE TEMPLAR DID NOT REALLY...NOR DID HE MOVE...


AND WHEN HIS HELMET WAS REMOVED, BOIS-GUILBERT'S EYES WERE FIXED AND GLAZED... AND THE FLUSH ON HIS BROW GAVE WAY TO A PALLID HUE...
HE IS... DEAD--!
VIRTUALLY UNSCATHED BY THE LANCE OF HIS ENEMY, THE TEMPLAR HAD DIED A VICTIM TO THE VIOLENCE OF HIS OWN CONFLICTING PASSIONS.
THIS IS INDEED THE JUDGEMENT OF GOD-- FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA!
I PRONOUNCE THE ACCUSED JEWESS REBECCA--
--FREE AND INNOCENT!
AND SO SHE WAS--FREE TO PERFORM THOSE SERVICES SHE PROFESSED TO PURSUE...

...FOR SHE WOULD SOON REPAIR FROM ENGLAND... AND WOULD, FOR THE REST OF HER DAYS, DEVOTE HER THOUGHTS TO HEAVEN AND HER ACTIONS TO WORKS OF KINDNESS--TENDING THE SICK, FEEDING THE HUNGRY, AND RELIEVING THE DISTRESSED.
SUCH WAS REBECCA.

AS FOR IVANHOE AND THE LADY ROWENA, THEY TOO WERE FREE --FREE TO FOLLOW IN TRUTH THE VOWS THEIR HEARTS HAD ALREADY SPOKEN...

KING RICHARD HIMSELF ATTENDED THE WEDDING, AS WELL AS SCORES OF SAXONS AND NORMANS ALIKE--FOR THE NUPTIALS WERE A PLEDGE OF THE FUTURE PEACE AND HARMONY BETWEEN THE TWO PEOPLES...
...PEOPLES WHO, SINCE THAT PERIOD, HAVE MINGLED SO COMPLETELY THAT THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE TWO CLASSES HAS BECOME INVISIBLE.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